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FREDERICK THE GREAT
ON KINGCRAFT

FREDERICK THE GREAT ON KINGCRAFT

FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.

WITH REMINISCENCES AND TURKISH STORIES

BY

SIR J. WILLIAM WHITTALL

PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF TURKEY

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PREFACE

Fifty years of a hard business life have not inspired me with a predilection for the burdens of authorship, nor rendered me fit for the due fulfilling of so onerous a task. If I add another book to the books of which there is no end, it is not because I have any personal inclination that way, but because I yield to the solicitations of various friends, and especially of relatives, who are numerous. I launch my little craft on the waters, most earnestly trusting that, as regards my relatives, they may keep a few copies of it to interest their descendants, and, as regards my readers generally, that they will not blame me for obtruding the episodes of a private family on their notice, or for driving them distracted over my Turkish stories. I can only pray that I may be treated as the jovial little hunchback Hassan treated the houris of the bath.

This book consists of five parts.

The first is the introduction to the "Matinées of Frederick the Great."

The second is my translation of the "Matinées" into English. Readers will kindly note that I have aimed more at the literal translation of the French than at literary English.

The third is the "Matinées" themselves, as taken, with all the orthographic errors, from my grandfather's copy of the original in French in Frederick the Great's hand.

The fourth consists of family and other reminiscences.

The fifth consists of Turkish stories and parables, which I adjure all those who are not gifted with a keen sense of the humorous to refrain from reading.

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PART I.

EXPLANATORY INTRODUCTION TO "LES MATINÉES DU ROI DE PRUSSE, ÉCRITES PAR LUI-MÊME, A.D. 1764."

My grandfather, Charlton Whittall, of Smyrna, one of the last surviving members of the Levant Company, who died in 1867, was one of those Englishmen who, settling in Eastern countries, make their English name respected by their never-failing probity and truthfulness. For well-nigh sixty years he was one of the most prominent merchants in Turkey, his commercial transactions were on a large scale, and extended over the Turkish Empire, and yet I can unhesitatingly state, and all who knew him will bear me out in my statement, that never during all that long period was he ever accused of any deviation from perfect truthfulness. So universally acknowledged was this character, that long after his death, and even within the last few years, have wandering Turkoman tribes come many

days' journey from the wilds of Asia Minor to submit their differences, even in cases of blood feuds, to his arbitration or that of his descendants. I do not make these affirmations out of pride of race, or because my grandfather was my grandfather, but simply to bear out the arguments which I shall use to show that the manuscript which I believe is for the first time published in its entirety in this book, may well be regarded by me, and by many others also who know the circumstances, as absolutely authentic and genuine, even although there is nothing like a mathematical proof of its authenticity.

My grandfather settled in Smyrna very early in the nineteenth century, and shortly after married a lady, the daughter of a French Royalist refugee, who, being proscribed by the French Republicans, had to flee from France, and whose family, having afterwards been connected through marriage with Napoleon the First's court, became strong Buonapartists. I state these facts to account in a measure for the close connection which subsisted between my grandparents and Marshal Savary, Duke of Rovigo, who, chiefly because he was a Buonapartist, was received by them, at risk to themselves, into their house at a time when he was in imminent danger of his life from the Bourbons. He was there hidden for several months, supplied with all

the necessaries of life, down to his clothes, and finally, when the Bourbon agents were on the point of catching him, was enabled to escape to Europe.

In the year 1816 a ship of my grandfather's arrived at Smyrna, and the captain on landing informed him that he had two passengers on board whom he had picked up in an open boat outside Malta. They had only the clothes they were in when they were picked up; "and upon my word, sir," said the captain to my grandfather, "I believe they are gentlemen, although they are Frenchmen." My grandfather went on board, and on interviewing the two gentlemen, was told by them that they were Buonapartist refugees, fleeing from France, and they at first gave false names. My grandfather, seeing they were gentlemen, took them to his house, where my grandmother received them warmly. They remained with my grandparents and with relatives of theirs for several months, until a rumour was spread that a French frigate was being sent to Smyrna in pursuit of Savary and General Lallemand, whom the Bourbons were moving heaven and earth to get hold of, and to punish for complicity in the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, the head of their dynasty, who had been shot by the order of Napoleon. They were placed in closer hiding than before, and finally, when the

opportunity of a ship of my grandfather's presented itself, they were put into a caique at night, which took them to the ship by which they sailed to Trieste. Savary had a very exciting time from the end of 1816 till 1818, although the Austrians treated him far more magnanimously than he had been treated by the English at Malta. In 1818, finding that he had meanwhile been condemned to death by the Bourbons, he again fled to Smyrna, and there remained in the closest hiding with my grandparents and a relative of theirs for nearly a year, when, the French Ambassador at Constantinople being once more on his track, he was for the second time secretly embarked in another ship of my grandfather's, which took him to England. Savary was at first, on reaching England, in great distress—so great that he and two companions, one of whom was a cousin of my grandfather's, had to live by making and selling pomatum in London, and, having only one coat and pair of trousers between them, all the rest being pawned, one of them had to take his turn daily to go out into the streets and sell the pomatum, the other two remaining in their garret making it. Savary afterwards was taken into the governing circle; became Governor-General of Algeria, and a wealthy man. He showed his gratitude to my grandfather in many

ways, even to the extent of advancing large sums to relatives of his. I have letters proving all this, but there is no necessity to go further than Savary's own published work, the "Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo," one of the classical works on the Napoleon Buonaparte reign, the greater part of which was written in my grandfather's and his relatives' houses, in which (second edition, published in Paris in 1829) Savary writes as follows :—

"Nous gagnâmes l'embouchure du port où nous fûmes déposés à bord d'un brick de commerce Anglais, qui mit à la voile sur le champ pour Odessa. Il devait relâcher à Smyrne et à Constantinople. J'avais d'abord eû la pensée de me fixer dans cette dernière ville, mais j'eûs occasion de rencontrer dans la première M. de Vintimille, ancien Chevalier de Malte, qui nous avait suivis en Egypte. Nous renouvelâmes connaissance et d'après tout ce qu'il me dit du caractère des habitants Européens de Smyrne, je me décidai à ne pas aller plus loin. Un négociant Anglais, Mr. Charles Whithel de Liverpool, auquel était adressé le navire qui nous portait, eût le généreux courage de nous offrir un asile. Il se chargea de nous à tous risques et périls. Nous fûmes le General Lallemand et moi les objets des soins les plus délicats de tout sa famille."

The Vintimille mentioned by Savary, or rather De Lascaris de Vintimille, was an extraordinary character. He was a Knight of Malta, who had in his time played an important *rôle* under Napoleon in Egypt, where, with a view to the foundation of an Arab Empire, he had instituted freemasonry amongst the Arabs, and had otherwise distinguished himself. Sinking low in the world, he reached Smyrna, where my grandfather out of pity took him into his house and received French lessons from him. He finally died in the house. Unfortunately, his papers, which were extremely interesting, were claimed by his relatives at his death.

During the time when Savary was in the closest hiding, the intercourse between him and my grandparents was naturally unrestricted, and he gave them many episodes of his life under Napoleon, some of which will be published in this book in the part called "Family Reminiscences."

I am afraid that all these details will be ascribed by the reader to the natural garrulousness of an old man, and will be considered as having nothing to do with my argument respecting the authenticity of Frederick the Great's manuscript; but I submit they may be useful in exemplifying the life of those days, as bearing on the Savary connection. I should add

here that in 1853–1856, I, being the eldest grandson and an apprentice in my grandfather's office, had to keep him company two nights a week. We were always alone, and it was then that he interested himself in relating to me the recollections of his really eventful life. It is indeed a wonder that the life of a simple Levant merchant should have been so eventful, but in those days Smyrna was the port of the Levant. Every Eastern traveller—and there were many distinguished men amongst them—had to pass through the place. As there were no hotels, the residents had to give hospitality to these travellers. Indeed, the hospitality, of which I still retain traces in my mind, was really remarkable, and far exceeding anything conceivable in these modern and more selfish times.

Savary, before quitting my grandfather's house, thanked him earnestly for all he had done for him, and allowed him, as a small souvenir of his gratitude, to copy a remarkable manuscript, which he considered so precious that he had kept it on his person at all times, and even when he had to jump into the boat at Malta, fleeing with only the clothes on his back to escape the Bourbon agents. Savary in his "Mémoires," published in 1829, vol. viii. p. 285, writes to this effect. He begins by complaining of the treatment received by him at the hands of

the English at Malta, who had confined him and General Lallemand in Fort Emmanuel. He refers to the shooting of Labedoyère and Marshal Ney, and of the information received by him that he might apprehend the same fate if caught. He then describes his escape from Fort Emmanuel with Lallemand, wearing each of them two suits of clothes, and having in their pockets a change of linen. He finally relates how, tired and worn out, they got to the port and into the boat that took them on board my grandfather's brig, which sailed at once for Smyrna.

Savary gave the history of the manuscript as follows, and my grandfather so often repeated the story to me in the same words, that it is ineradicably impressed on my memory :—

"When we took Berlin," Savary said, "Napoleon went to Potsdam, and entered the palace of Sans Souci and Frederick the Great's private library, which had been left untouched and exactly as it stood when he died. I was with the Emperor."

Savary, in his "Mémoires," vol. ii. p. 309, describes Napoleon's visit to the palace of Sans Souci as follows :—

"The small Sans Souci interested the Emperor greatly. He examined the apartment of the Great Frederick, which is religiously respected. None of

the furniture was displaced. His writing-table (from which Savary stole the 'Matinées') was of the same inferior quality as the other furniture. It appeared to me of the same sort as those we see at the offices of our old notaries in France. His ink-stand and pens were also there. The Emperor opened certain books which he knew the Great King preferred, and he noticed the notes that the King had written in the margins. There were some which breathed his bad humour," etc.

"The Emperor spent the night at Potsdam, and forbade the occupation of the apartments by anybody. He gave the same order at Berlin," etc.

All this shows that Napoleon was scrupulous in respecting the sanctity of the various apartments, and explains the shame that Savary felt at having been the only one to commit a theft in them. Savary continued, "Napoleon turned his back to me, and, raising Frederick the Great's sword, examined it. I, seeing a manuscript on the desk near to where I stood, seized and pocketed it; and it turned out to be, as you will see, the instructions of Frederick the Great to his nephew, the heir to the Prussian throne. I am ashamed now of the theft I committed. Nothing else was touched, and if I allow you to copy it, you

must promise that you will not publish it as long as either of us lives, and I on my part promise to do the same." My grandfather gave the promise, and copied the manuscript in his own handwriting. I have this copy in my possession at present, and it is dated the 4th July, 1816.

Now, a portion of this very manuscript was several times published after 1816. My grandfather never actually knew what Savary did with the original. He believed that he either destroyed it or else returned it to the Prussian Royal Family. He was absolutely convinced that the publications in question did not arise from any remissness of Savary's in keeping his vow, but from the dishonesty of a clerk in his own office who had the document in his possession for several hours, and whose name my grandfather gives in a private memorandum in his handwriting which was found amongst his papers after his death. My grandfather never doubted for a second that the manuscript Savary had was in Frederick the Great's own handwriting, and he often told me that the style of his handwriting had been impressed on his memory, and that he had distinctly recognized it later on, when he made a study of examples of the King's hand, which he had obtained a sight of after great trouble. He always told me that in Savary's own

opinion there was absolutely no possibility of a doubt on the subject.

Of course, I am not foolish enough to imagine that all these *ipse dixits* of Savary's and my grandfather's (true though I know them to be) and my relation of them will be sufficient to convince a sceptical public, which naturally requires facts, and not mere *ipse dixits*. Oh no! and the more so, as the great historian of Frederick, Carlyle, uses all the resources of his most violent invective over many pages of his "History" to hurl defiance at those who are idiotic enough to believe that such an immaculate personage as he conceived Frederick to be could at the same time be the Machiavellian author of the "Matinées." Either Carlyle's appreciation of the King, as given in his "History," was absolutely erroneous, or else the manuscript was not genuine. There was no escaping the dilemma between these two hypotheses, and it stands to reason that sooner than allow his whole theory of Frederick the Great's character to be falsified, Carlyle was glad to discredit the genuineness of the "Matinées," however sincerely he may have done so. I repeat it was only natural that he should thus act, but as it might interest the reader to know exactly what Carlyle does say, I here give the chapters in which he refers to the "Matinées," viz. vol. i. chap. ii.

pp. 143–145, and vol. viii. chap. viii. pp. 248–252 (Chapman & Hall's edition, 1872).

It is now for the reader to form an opinion in this matter. I take it that, after all, the most reliable test of the authenticity of the manuscript, now that it is, as I believe, for the first time published in its virginity, is the intrinsic nature of its contents. There are many incidental references in it which, I respectfully submit, if correct (and I can form no opinion on this point), could not possibly have been known to or even imagined by an adventurer like Bonneville, a wanderer over the wide world, who was in America in about 1760, and who could not have been long enough in Berlin to possess the knowledge of details of the reign evinced in the manuscript. But, I repeat, my opinion is not worth much. At all events, there is no doubt that my edition of the "Matinées" is the only one which is given with an explanation of where it came from. It is a very curious fact, ascertained from my father, that when, in the sixties of last century, the last edition of what purported to be the "Matinées" was published, and I, being then established in England, addressed a letter to the *Times* on the subject in my name, the then Prussian Consul of Smyrna visited my father, in obedience, as he said, to instructions received, and seemed to be much

relieved in his mind when he was told that our manuscript of the "Matinées" was not an original in Frederick the Great's own handwriting, but only a copy.

There is no doubt that these "Matinées" are a great mystery, and one which even at this distance of time may well be worth discussing by historical critics who take an interest in such matters. No one can deny that the writer of the "Matinées," whoever he was, though unprincipled to an extreme, must have been a remarkable man with extraordinary knowledge of events in the King's reign.

My father died in the year 1882. Some years before his death he wrote a history of his family, from which I extract the following passage referring to Frederick the Great's manuscript:—

"Whilst staying at my father's, the Duke of Rovigo allowed him to take a copy of a most curious and interesting manuscript entitled 'Les Matinées du Roi de Prusse, écrites par lui-même, A.D. 1764,' which was purloined by the Duke from Frederick the Great's library at Sans Souci, when in attendance on the Emperor Napoleon, who himself touched nothing nor took away anything that had belonged to the great hero of Prussia. When Savary discovered what an important document he had stolen, he felt ashamed of himself. The Duke carried it

with him wherever he went, and allowed my father, as a great favour, to take a copy of it, under a promise that it should not be published by him, to which my parent faithfully adhered in his lifetime. The copy taken from the original manuscript is in the hands of my eldest son, James William Whittall, of Constantinople. From it my father copied another in the year of his death, 1867, which bears the following postscript:—

"'Part of this manuscript was published in London. I judge that the part thus published was derived from a person named B——, in my service in 1816, to whom I allowed the perusal. Part must have been written from memory, of which there was evidence in the numerous mistakes.'"

PART II.

FIRST MORNING.

Origin of my House.

In the time of disorder and confusion, a commencement of new sovereignty was seen to arise amidst the barbarous nations. The Governments of different countries shook off the yoke, and soon as they became powerful enough to make themselves feared by their masters obtained privileges, or, to speak more correctly, for the form of a knee bent to the earth they secured the substance. Amongst the most audacious of these were several who laid the foundations of the greatest monarchies—perhaps even all the emperors, kings, and princes of our time owe their dominions to them. We ourselves are certainly in that position. Do you blush? Well, I forgive you; but don't be a child any more, and know, once for all, that in the matter of kingdoms each takes what he can, and no one is ever wrong

except when he has to give up what he has taken. But let us continue, for all this is said *en passant*.

The first of our ancestors who acquired any sovereignty over the country he governed was Taxillon, Count of Zohemzollern (Hohenzollern). His thirteenth descendant was Burgrave of Nuremberg, the twenty-fifth Elector of Brandenburg, and the thirty-seventh King of Prussia. Our nation has had, like all others, its Achilleses, its Ciceros, its Nestors, its Neros, its imbeciles, its sluggards, its wise women, its stepmothers, and certainly also its *femmes galantes*.

It has often aggrandized itself by that right which is only known to lucky princes or to those princes that are the strongest, because it was the genius of the successive rulers of our race to be guided only by self-interest, ambition (expectative), and the instinct of self-preservation.

From Taxillon up to the time of the Great Elector we did nothing but vegetate. There were in those days in the Empire fifty princes who were our equals, and, so to speak, we only formed one of the branches of the great German lustre. William the Great by his striking acts drew us out of mere equality with others, and at last, in 1701 (that is not long ago), vanity put a crown on the head of my grandfather. And it was to that epoch that we

owe our real coherence, because it placed us in the position of speaking as kings, and of treating with all the Powers of the world on an equality.

If we reckon up the virtues of our ancestors, we shall easily see that it is not to such advantages that our house owes its aggrandizement. The largest number of our princes, indeed, behaved badly, but it was luck and circumstances which served us well. I would have you even observe, *en passant*, that our first diadem placed itself on a head which was of the vainest and lightest, and on a body twisted and hunchbacked. I see well, my dear nephew, that I leave you in the dark as regards our origin. It is pretended that the Count of Zohemzollern was of a great family, but, to speak the truth, nobody knows. Besides, for a long enough period we have been good gentlemen, and let us rest satisfied with that.

Of the Position of my Kingdom.

I am not fortunate in that matter. To convince yourself, cast your eyes on the map, and you will see that the greater part of my states are divided in such a fashion that they can give each other no mutual aid. I have no great rivers crossing my provinces—some are on their borders, but few cross them.

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Of the Soil of my States.

A good third of my kingdom is fallow; another third forest, river, or marsh; the remaining third, which is under culture, produces neither wines, nor olives, nor mulberry trees. Fruit and vegetables grow with great trouble. I have some cantons only where rye and oats have a small repute for their quality.

Of the Manners of the Inhabitants.

I can do nothing in this matter, for my kingdom consists of disjointed fragments. All I can say which is more or less certain is that in general my subjects are brave and hardy, not dainty, but drunkards, insipid lovers, peevish husbands, phlegmatic (this I attribute to stupidity), wise in law, not very philosophical, less oratorical and still less poetical, affecting a great simplicity in their dress, but calling themselves well-got-up with a small purse and a big hat, ruffles of an ell long, a little cane, boots to the belt, a short coat and a very long waistcoat. As for the women, they are either in an interesting state or nursing, of great sweetness, loving their households. As regards the maidens, they partake of the privilege which is in fashion. I regret this so little that in my

memoirs I have tried to excuse their weaknesses. It is only right to put these poor creatures at their ease, and so prevent them from learning habits which would make them manœuvre in safety, and which would cause great prejudice to the State. And even to encourage them I have taken care to give in my regiments the preference to the fruits of their amours—I make him who owes his existence to an officer an ensign, and often enough an officer, in his turn.

SECOND MORNING.

Of Religion.

Religion is absolutely necessary to a State; it is a maxim which only a madman would dispute, and a king is unwise when he permits his subjects to make an abuse of it, but also a king is not wise to have any himself. Listen well to this, my nephew.

Nothing exercises a greater tyranny over the spirit and the heart than religion, because it does not accord with our passions nor with the great political views which a monarch must have. If one fears God, or, to speak more correctly, hell, he becomes a Capucin. Is it question of a neighbouring province? An army of devils presents itself before our eyes to defend it, for we are weak

enough to believe we should be committing an injustice. Do we wish to make a treaty with a Power? If we only remember that we are Christians all is lost, we shall always be duped.

As for war, it is a profession in which the smallest scruple would spoil everything. As a matter of fact, who is the honest man who would make war, if he had not the right to make rules that permit pillage, fire, and carnage?

I do not say, however, that one should advertise impiety, but one must think according to the rank he occupies. All the popes who had common sense had systems of religion proper for their aggrandizement; and it would be the acme of folly if a prince attached importance to mere trifles only made for the people. Besides, the proper way of preventing fanaticism in one's States is to be about religion of the greatest indifference. Believe me, my dear nephew, the Holy Mother has her caprices, like every one else.

Make a point, therefore, of being a philosopher in this matter, and you will see that there will be no dispute of consequence on this subject, for parties are only formed through the weaknesses of princes and their ministers. An important circumstance that I have to call your attention to is that your ancestors acted in the most sensible fashion

in this matter. They made a reform which, whilst richly filling their purses, gave them an air of apostles. It certainly was the most reasonable change that could have been arrived at in this matter; but, as there is nothing more to gain, and as it would be dangerous at this moment to wish to follow their footsteps, it is necessary to maintain tolerance. Retain carefully this principle, my nephew, and say always, as I do, that everybody prays to God in my kingdom as he wishes, etc., because if you neglect this maxim all is lost in my dominions, and this is why.

My kingdom contains many sects; in certain provinces it is the reformed (*réformés*) who are in possession of all the charges, in others the Lutherans have the same advantages, and in others the Catholics dominate to such a point that the King can only send there one or two Protestant Commissaries. As for the Jews, they are poor devils who in substance are not as bad as people think; they pay well, and, after all, it is only fools that are their dupes.

As our ancestors made themselves Christians in the ninth century to please the emperors, Lutherans in the fifteenth century to possess themselves of the properties of the Church, and reformed to please the Dutch because of the

succession of Clêves, we ourselves can be indifferent, in order to maintain tranquillity in our States.

My father had an excellent project, which, however, did not succeed; he had engaged the President Laon to draw up for him a small treatise on religion for the purpose of reconciling the three sects and uniting them. The President spoke badly of the Pope, treated St. Joseph as a fool, took the dog of St. Roch by the ears and the pig of St. Anthony by the tail; he did not believe in the chaste Susanna, considered St. Bernard and St. Dominic as two courtiers, and refused to acknowleged St. François de Sales as a saint. The eleven thousand virgins had no more sanctity for him than all the saints and martyrs of the family of Loyola. As for the mysteries, he agreed that it was necessary to put good sense into all things and to attach no importance to mere words. He regarded the Lutherans as his chief supporters, he wished the Catholics to become somewhat unfaithful to the Roman Court, but he demanded that the Lutherans should cease to be so subtle in argument, and he pretended that, certain distinctions being set aside, they would all converge towards each other. It was thought that it would be more difficult to attract the Calvinists.

He proposed, however, a good expedient for overcoming this great difficulty, and that was to have none but God as a confidant in taking the communion.

He regarded the worship of images as a bait for the people, and he considered it was necessary for a peasant to have a saint of some sort. As for the monks, he was for expelling them, because he looked upon them as enemies who deserved to be squeezed. As for the priests, he was for giving them governesses (*gouvernantes*) for wives. This made a great noise, because the good ladies pretended that they would be prejudiced, and that, because the mysteries were touched, the sin of sacrilege was committed.

If this treatise had been appreciated, it was resolved to follow up these projects, and every effort would have been made to execute them. As for me, I have not yet abandoned the scheme, and I even hope that I may help you in carrying it out—and this is what I do with that end in view.

I endeavour to spread in all that is written in my kingdom a contempt for all that have been reformers (*réformateurs*), and I do not lose the smallest occasion for developing the ambitious views of the Court of Rome, of priests and of ministers.

Little by little I shall accustom all my subjects

to think as I do, and I shall detach them from all their prejudices.

But as a worship is necessary to them, I shall bring out, if I live long enough, some eloquent man who will preach one. At first I shall appear as wishing to persecute him, but little by little I shall declare myself his defender, and I shall embrace his system with warmth. This system, if you wish me to tell you, is already drawn up.

Voltaire composed its preamble. He proves the necessity to disregard all that has been said so far on religion, for the reason that there is no agreement on any point. He draws up the portrait of every chief of a sect with a freedom which resembles pure truth. He has disinterred anecdotes of popes, bishops, priests, and ministers, which cast a spirit of gaiety over his work. It is written in a style so terse and so rapid that one has not time enough to reflect over it, and like an orator, full of the most subtle art, he appears to have the greatest faith when he advances the most doubtful principles. D'Alembert and Maupertain (Maupertuis ?) drew up the plan. They developed it with such precision that one would think they tried to prove it conclusively to themselves before trying to prove it to others. Rousseau has been working for four years to anticipate all observations against it. I already

am preparing a feast for myself in mortifying all those formal monseigneurs and ministers who may dare to contradict us. There is already a series of fifty consequences for each subject in dispute, and at least thirty-six reflections on each of the articles of the Holy Scriptures. He (Rousseau) is even now occupied in proving that all the beliefs of to-day are mere fables, that there never was a terrestrial Paradise, and that it is degrading God to believe He made of His fellow a booby, and of His most perfect creation a frank libertine.

Because in conclusion he adds, it is only the length of a serpent which was able to seduce Eve, and such being the case, a frightful disorder in His imagination was clearly shown.

The Marquis of Argens and Mr. Formey drew up the plan of a Council. I am to preside at this Council, but without pretending that the Holy Spirit gives me one grain more of light than to others. It will contain only one minister of each religion and four deputies for each province, of whom two are out of the noblesse and two out of the people (*tiers état*). As regards the remaining classes, priests, monks, and ministers in general will be excluded, as being interested parties ; and that the Holy Spirit should appear the better to inspire the assembly, all decisions will be taken according to the rules of common sense.

THIRD MORNING.

Of Justice.

We owe justice to our subjects just as they owe respect to us. This is a thing understood; but we must take great care not to allow ourselves to be subjugated by it. Represent justice to yourself, my dear nephew, as bringing the unfortunate Charles to the scaffold.

I am too ambitious to wish for any institution (*ordre*) in a state which interferes with my plans, and it is this sentiment which obliged me to draw up a new code.

I know well that I put the good lady into a strait-jacket (*j'ai mis la bonne en pet en l'air*), but I feared her eyes because I realize the importance which the people attach to her (justice).

How easily clever princes, whilst satisfying their ambition, can secure the adoration of their subjects! The greater part of my subjects actually believed that I had been touched by the misfortunes which litigation brings in its train.

Helva! I admit it. I blush over it. Far from having litigation in view, I regret the small advantages it secured to itself, for the rights established by procedures and by paper-marks have diminished my revenue by nearly five thousand livres. Don't

allow yourself to be dazzled, my dear nephew, by the word "justice." It is a word which has different connections (*rapports*), and which can be explained in different ways. Here is the meaning which I give to it. Justice is the image of God ; who, then, can attain such high perfection? Is a man unreasonable because he abandons the insensate notion that he can attain perfect justice?

See all the countries of the world, and examine well whether it (justice) is dispensed in two kingdoms in the same manner. Consult after that the principles which rule men, and see whether they agree. Is there, therefore, anything extraordinary if each person desires to be just in his own way?

When I cast my eyes on all the tribunals of my kingdom, I found an immense army of magistrates, all ostensibly honest men, but all suspected of not being so. For every tribunal there was a court which was its superior; I myself had mine, seeing the judgments rendered by my Council were often opposed. I do not resent this, for it was the custom.

In examining the progress which justice was making in my States, I was frightened to see that in a century the tenth part of my subjects were enrolled under its flag; and in calculating what was required to enable these legions to live, I trembled

when I saw that the tenth part of the revenues of my kingdom passed into their hands. But what disquieted me still more were the sure and constant march of the men of the law (it is the spirit of liberty inseparable from their principles), and the adroit way they have of preserving their privileges and of crushing their enemies by the appearance of the severest equity. I often turned over in my memory all those acts full of vigour, but often singular, of the Parliaments of England and Paris; and if I often admired, I often, too, felt ashamed for the majesty of the throne. Pursuing these reflections, I decided to sap the foundations of this Great Power, and it was only by a process of simplification that I reduced it to the point which my ambition demanded. You will, perhaps, be surprised, my dear nephew, that men who have no army, and who never speak disrespectfully of the sacred person of the King, should be the only ones able to dictate the law to him. It is precisely for these reasons that it is not difficult for them to sap our authority. They cannot be suspected of using violence, seeing they have no army; nor of failing in respect to us, seeing they speak to us always with the greatest decency. And our subjects are carried away by the firm eloquence which seems only to be used for their happiness and our glory.

I have often reflected on the advantages which a kingdom derives from a body which represents the nation, and which is the depositary of its laws. In the same way a king is surer of his crown when that body gives it to him or preserves it for him; but one must be a good man and full of good principles to permit that his actions should be weighed every day. No, when one has ambition, such things must be renounced. I could have succeeded in nothing had I been cramped. Perhaps I shall pass for a just king, but the title of Hero will be refused to me.

FOURTH MORNING.

On Politics.

As amongst men it is agreed that to deceive each other is a criminal action, the obligation has arisen to look out for another term, which tones down the meaning, and it is the word "politics" which was infallibly chosen. This word was ascribed to sovereigns only, because we cannot decently be treated as rogues and knaves. However that may be, the following is my true opinion on politics.

I understand by the word "politics" that we must always seek to make dupes of others. It is the means not of getting the advantage (over the opponent), but of maintaining one's self on a parity (with

him), because, be certain that all the States of the world run on the same lines; and thus, this principle once established, do not blush at making alliances with the object of reaping the sole advantage for yourself. Do not commit the vulgar fault of not abandoning them when you believe it to be in your interest to do so; and, above all, ever follow this maxim, that to despoil your neighbours is to take away from them the means of doing you harm.

Politics, in truth, establish and preserve kingdoms; therefore it is necessary to understand them well, and to realize what they are in the view of the great leaders of the world. With this end before us, we must divide politics into two parts—the Politics of the State, and Private Politics. The first only regard the great interests of the kingdom, and the second, the particular interests of a prince.

On Private Politics.

A prince must never show other than the best side of himself, and it is to this that we must seriously apply our efforts. When I was Prince Royal I was not much of a military man; I liked my comforts, good fare and wine, and I revelled in love. When I became King I assumed the character of a soldier, philosopher, and poet. I slept on straw, I eat the army bread at the head of my

camp, I drank but little before my subjects, and I appeared to despise women. This is how I conduct myself in all my actions.

In Literary Matters.

I have done all I could to gain for myself a reputation in literary matters, and I have been more fortunate than the Cardinal Richelieu, for, thank God, I pass for an author; but, between ourselves, the race of the *beaux esprits* (great wits) is an accursed one. They are a people insupportable for their vanity. Such a poet would refuse my kingdom if he were obliged to sacrifice one of his fine verses. As it is a profession which draws us away from the occupations of the Throne, I only compose when I have nothing better to do; and, to give myself more ease, I have at my court some *beaux esprits* who take the trouble to indite my ideas.

You saw with what distinction I treated D'Alembert in his last voyage. I always made him take his meals with me, and I did nothing but praise him. You were surprised at the great attentions which I paid this author. You do not, then, know that this philosopher is listened to in Paris as an oracle, that he does nothing but speak of my talents, of my virtues, and everywhere he relates that I have all the characteristics of a true hero and

a great king. Moreover, I like to be praised, and D'Alembert never opens his mouth but to tell me obliging things. Voltaire is not of such a character, therefore I drove him away. I made a merit of doing so with Maupertain; but in reality I feared him, because I was not sure of being able always to treat him liberally, and because I knew that a pound the less would have drawn on me two thousand scratches from his claws. Moreover, everything considered, and after taking counsel with my academy, it was decided that two *beaux esprits* could not breathe the same air. I forgot to tell you that, in the midst of my greatest misfortunes, I aways took care to pay the *beaux esprits* their pensions. These philosophers describe war as the most frightful folly when it touches their pockets.

In Small Details.

Do you wish to satisfy the world at a small cost? Here is the secret. You must permit all your subjects to write to you direct, and even to speak to you, and, when they do so, hear or reply; but the following style must be used by you:—

"If what you bring to my notice is true, I will do you justice; but rely, too, on the zeal with which I always anticipate calumny and falsehood. I am your King—Frederick."

If they come to complain, listen attentively, but with an air which imposes itself (*qui s'impose*) on them. Two letters in this style, and two replies thus made, will give you in your states, and, above all, in foreign courts, an air of simplicity and of detail which makes the fortune of kings. I know that two such letters, which were found in countries that the French took from me, made me pass for the King the most *uni* (even) and the most equitable.

In Dress.

If my grandfather had lived twenty years longer we were lost, because his *fête* day would have eaten up the kingdom. I never wear anything but my uniform. The soldier thinks it is because of the importance I attach to his profession. I leave him under such an impression ; but, as a matter of fact, I only do it to preach an example. My father did well to substitute the blue coat for lace. When one is not rich and wants to be well dressed, he must avoid half lace.

In my Travels.

I always go about without guards, and I travel night and day. My suite is very small, but well chosen. My carriage is unostentatious (*unie*), but, *per contra*, it is well suspended, and I sleep in it as

well as in my bed. I appear to pay but little attention to my way of living; one *laquais*, one cook, one pastry-maker, are all the equipage of my mouth. I myself order my dinner, and it is not what I do least well, for I know the country, and I ask for what it produces best, whether game, fish, or butcher's meat. When I arrive at a place I always have a fatigued air, and I show myself to the people with a bad overcoat and a badly combed wig. These are but trifles, but they often make a singular impression. I give audience to everybody excepting to priests, ministers, or monks. As these last are accustomed to speak standing, I hear them from my window, and a page receives them, and pays them my compliments at the gate.

In all I say I always have the air of thinking only of my subjects' happiness. I put questions to nobles, bourgeois, and artisans, and I enter with them into the smallest details. You have heard, as I have done, my dear nephew, the flattering opinions of these good folk. Remember the man who said that I must be very good to give myself so much trouble, after a war so painful and so long; and remember, too, him who pitied me with all his heart on seeing my poor overcoat and the small dishes they served me at table. The poor fellow did not

know that I had a good coat underneath, and he thought one could not live unless he had a whole ham or a quarter of veal on his table.

In the Review of my Troops.

Before reviewing a regiment I take care to read the names of all the officers and all the sergeants, and I retain in my memory three or four, with the numbers of the companies they are in. I get myself exactly informed of the small abuses committed by a captain, and I allow all my soldiers to make complaints.

The hour of the review once come, I leave home. Soon the population surrounds me—I do not permit that it should be kept away from me—and I speak with the man who is nearest to me, and who makes the best replies. When I reach the regiment I make it manœuvre, I pass quietly down the ranks, and I speak to all the captains. When I am opposite those whose names I have retained, I name them, as well as the lieutenants and sergeants. This gives me a singular reputation for memory and reflection. You saw, my dear nephew, the way I humiliated that major who supplied his company with scanty shirts. I did it so well that one of the soldiers had the boldness to take his shirt out of his trousers. If a regiment manœuvres

badly, I order it to drill fifteen days more, and I allow none of its officers to dine with me. If it manœuvres well, I have all the captains, and even some of the lieutenants, to dinner. In holding the review I know my troops, and when I find an officer who replies to me with precision, I put his name down in my catalogue, so as to make use of him when the occasion requires.

Up to the present time everybody believes that in frequently visiting my states I am solely actuated by love for my subjects. I allow people to hold this view, but in reality my motive is a different one. The real cause is that I am forced to do it, and this is the reason :—

My kingdom is a despotic one, and consequently he that possesses it must be the sole ruler over it. If I did not travel over my states, a governor might by degrees assume my functions, would divest himself of the principles of obedience, to adopt only ideas of independence. Moreover, as my commands could only be proud and absolute, those who represent me would adopt the same tone, whence tyranny ; whereas in visiting from time to time my kingdom, I am in a position to know all the abuses of the power which I confide to others, and to force into the path of duty those who would deviate from it. Add to these reasons that of making my subjects

believe that I come into their holes to receive their complaints and to redress evils.

In Pleasures.

Love is a god that spares nobody. When one resists the arrows which he legitimately shoots, he turns upon you. Thus, believe me, you must not be vain enough to resist him—he will always catch you. Although I cannot complain of the tricks he has played me, I advise you not to follow my example, for it might in the future bring on serious consequences, because, little by little, all your governors and your officers would work more for their pleasures than for your glory, and finally your army would become like the regiment of your Uncle Henry. I would have loved the chase, but the accounts of the Master of the Hounds restrained me. My father told me a hundred times that there are only two kings in Europe who are rich enough to follow the stag, for it is indecent to hunt as a gentleman only when one has a crown on one's head.

Nature gives me sweet inclinations. I love good feeding, wine, coffee, and liqueurs, nevertheless my subjects consider me the soberest of princes. When I eat in public my German cook prepares the dinner; I drink beer and two or three glasses of wine.

When I am in my private apartments my French cook does all he can to satisfy me, and I confess that I am somewhat fastidious. I am near my bed, and that is what removes any anxiety as to how much I drink. Philosophers may say what they will, our senses deserve to have two hours per day devoted to them, for, in reality, what would be our existence without them? I play with pleasure, but I have never been able to accustom myself to lose; besides which, play is the mirror of the soul. This does not exactly suit my game, for I am not curious that others should read into my soul. Thus, my dear nephew, examine yourself carefully, and if you have not a decided liking for gain, you may play.

I like the theatre much, and especially music; but I find the opera is very dear, and the pleasure I feel in hearing a fine voice would be much keener if it did not cost so much money. As nobody can be under any illusion about this expense, I have used all my efforts to persuade myself that it is useful; but the old generals would never admit that a singer is entitled to the same salary as they get.

My dear nephew, I am teaching you what man is at my own expense. Believe me, he always surrenders himself to his passions. Love is his glory, and his virtues are based on his interests. Do you want to pass off as a hero? Approach

boldly to crime. Do you want to pass off as a wise man? Make a counterfeit of yourself with art.

FIFTH MORNING.

Politics of State.

State politics reduce themselves to three principles.

The first to govern and aggrandize one's self according to circumstances.

The second to ally one's self only if an advantage is got.

The third to make one's self feared and respected even in the most untoward circumstances.

See now, my dear nephew, how I have carried out these three principles.

Of the First Principle.

On ascending the throne I visited the coffers of my father. His great accumulations enabled me to conceive great projects. Some time after I passed my troops in review; I found them superb. After this review I returned to my coffers, and I drew from them enough to double my army. As, therefore, I doubled my power, it was but natural that I should not limit myself to merely preserving my dominions. I soon decided to make use of the first opportunity which presented itself. Meanwhile

I drilled my troops thoroughly. I did my best to attract the attention of all Europe to my manœuvres. I renewed them each year to make my military reputation still greater; and finally I attained my object, for I turned the heads of all the Powers. They all thought themselves lost if they could not use their arms, their heads, and their feet in Prussian fashion; and all my soldiers and my officers deemed themselves worth twice what they were worth before when they saw they were being imitated everywhere.

When my troops had thus got an advantage over others, my sole occupation was to weigh the pretensions I could formulate on other provinces. Four principal points presented themselves to my eyes —Silesia, Prussian Poland, Guelders, and Swedish Pomerania. I fixed upon Silesia because it was of greater importance than the others, and because circumstances were favourable. I relegated the execution of my designs on the other parts to the future.

I shall not attempt to prove to you the validity of my pretensions to that province (Silesia). I had them enunciated by my orators. The Queen had my arguments combated by her own orators, and we finished the suit with sabre-thrusts. But to return to the circumstances. This is how they presented themselves:—

France wanted to wrest the Empire from Austria. I could ask for nothing better. France wanted to form a State in Italy for the Infant (*l'Infant*). I was charmed, because it could only be done at the cost of the Queen. Finally, France conceived the noble project of going to the gates of Vienna. It was there I awaited her, so that I should seize Silesia. Therefore, my dear nephew, have money, give an air of superiority to your troops. Wait for opportunities, and you will be certain, not alone to preserve, but to aggrandize your dominions.

There are bad politicians who pretend that a State which has reached a certain point must no longer think of aggrandizing itself, because the system of equilibrium has almost fixed limits for each Power. I admit that the ambition of Louis XIV. very nearly cost France dear, and I know the anxieties mine caused me; but I know also that France, in her greatest misfortunes, gave a Crown and preserved the provinces she had conquered, and you have just seen that in the midst of the furious tempest which menaced me I lost nothing. Thus all depends on circumstances and on the courage of him who takes. Moreover, you cannot conceive how important it is for a king and a State to deviate often from ordinary ways, as it is only by

the marvellous that a monarch asserts himself (*s'impose*) and makes a name.

The word "equilibrium" has subjugated the whole world, because it was believed that it insured continuity of possession; but in reality it is only a word, for Europe is a family in which there are too many bad brothers and bad relatives. I even go further, and I say that by despising such a principle, grandeur is attained. See the English, they have chained the sea, and that proud element can no longer carry ships without their permission.

It results from all this that one must dare always, and be convinced that everything can be made to suit his interests; but great care must be taken not to display pretensions with over-much vanity, and above all, feed two or three eloquent men in your court, and give them the charge of justifying you.

Second Principle.

To allay one's self for one's advantage is a maxim of State, and no Power is authorized to neglect this. From which follows this consequence, that the alliance must be broken when it becomes prejudicial.

In my first war with the Queen I abandoned the French at Prague, because in the bargain I got Silesia. If even I had gone with them to Paris,

they would never have given me as much. Some years after I renewed relations with them, because I desired to attempt the conquest of Bohemia, and therefore under necessity wished to treat them tenderly. Since then I have neglected that nation, in order to draw near to the one that promised me more. When Prussia shall have made her fortune, she will be able to give herself the air of good faith and of constancy which is only suitable for great States or small sovereigns.

I have already told you that he who uses the word "politics" means roguery, and this is true; nevertheless you will find men of good faith who have made for themselves a certain system of probity. Thus, you can chance it (*vous pouvez vous hazarder*) with your ambassadors. I have found some who served me under both roofs (thoroughly), and who to discover a mystery would have picked the pockets of a king. Attach yourself more especially to those who have the talent to express themselves in vague phrases, or in phrases that are upside down (*renversés*). You will not do yourself harm to have political surgeons and doctors. They might at times be of use to you. I know by experience the advantages to be derived from them.

Third Principle.

To make one's self feared and respected by one's neighbours is the acme of high politics. This object can be attained by the following methods. The first is to have real power and true resources; the second is to know how to use properly what one has. We are not in the first case; that is why I have never neglected anything to be in the second. There are Powers that imagine that an Embassy must be surrounded with the greatest splendour. De Richelieu at Vienna served only to give an air of eccentricity to the French, for the Austrians believed that all the nation was as redolent of musk as he that represented it. As for me, I maintain that it is more the nobility with which an ambassador makes his master speak than the number of his carriages which gives him consideration; and it is for that purpose that I want envoys and not ambassadors. Moreover, the second post is too difficult to fill properly, because it requires a man of very great distinction, very rich, and who knows politics thoroughly, whereas for an envoy the last advantage suffices. In adopting this system you will save yourself every year considerable sums, and your business will not be done any the worse. There are, however, occasions, my dear nephew,

when you must be represented magnificently, as when it is a question of breaking off relations with a court or making an alliance with a Power; but these embassies must always be regarded as extraordinary. To impose upon your neighbours, surround your actions with the utmost splendour (*éclat*), and, above all, let nobody write in your kingdom excepting to praise what you intend doing. Never ask anything feebly. Always have the air of exacting. If any one deceive you, reserve your vengeance until the moment when you can have complete satisfaction; and, above all, never fear reprisals. Your own glory will never suffer from them. So much the worse for your subjects on whom these reprisals will fall. But the real point is that all your subjects should be convinced that you suspect nothing, and that nothing can astonish you. Above all, try to pass off in their minds as a dangerous man who knows no other motive than the one which leads to glory. Do your best also to convince them that you would rather lose two kingdoms than not play a part for posterity. As these sentiments require an uncommon soul, they strike and bewilder the generality of men, and that is what in reality constitutes in the world the Great Monarch. When a stranger comes to your court, fill him with attentions, and, above all, try to keep him always near you; that will be the best

means of concealing the views of your Government. If he is a soldier, make your regiment of Guards manœuvre before him, and let it be yourself that is in command. If he is a great wit who has composed a work, let him find his work on your table. If he is a trader, hear him with goodness, caress him, and try to make him establish himself near you.

SIXTH MORNING.

Of the Military.

A celebrated author has compared soldiers to bull-dogs, which it is necessary to chain carefully, and who must not be let loose except when necessary. This comparison is a little far-fetched, nevertheless it should serve you, not as a maxim, but as a caution.

You must have known in the two campaigns which you went through with me the spirit of the officer and the soldier, and you must have perceived that, generally speaking, they are veritable machines which move only under external pressure. By persuasion troops are made to believe that they are superior to those opposing them. A mere trifle may convince them that they are inferior. It is these trifles which make the glory or the dishonour of the general. Therefore do your best to ascertain the causes which produce these trifles. I even go further—it is these trifles which engender enthusiasm;

and if once you succeed in imbuing your army with it, you can count on victory. I will not here remind you of what you must have remarked in history; but remember only the Russians, and you will admit that it is only beasts under the influence of enthusiasm that can allow themselves to be slaughtered as they do.

My kingdom by nature is military, and, strictly speaking, it is only by military assistance that you can hope to sustain and to aggrandize yourself, therefore your attention must always be directed to that matter; but at the same time you must guard yourself strictly against letting the military perceive that they constitute your sole resource. When I assumed the reins of Government I probed this question thoroughly. I tried to master the situation, but it was only with the greatest difficulty that I attained my object, for officers do not easily bend to new rules, especially when their interests are affected. You will judge of this from the following two examples.

Captains had each of them a canton to recruit in; every male child born was by right their soldier, and was registered as such from the cradle. It is true that the father could redeem him, but if the captain died the redemption was null and void, and the child became again by right the succeeding

captain's soldier. You will readily understand what authority the captain exercised over the unfortunate canton of which he became the tyrant. Thus, during my father's lifetime, several times over had I been offended by what was done, and as soon as I became the master I resolved to put an end to such oppression. It was necessary, however, not to offend the old soldiers, who know their routine only, especially when their advantage is at stake.

I therefore collected proofs, and I soon had more than I required. Amongst others, I got the proof that Captain Colan, of the regiment of Opo, infantry, had drawn from his canton in ten years more than fifty thousand crowns, and it was shown me that, in general, there was not a captain who did not make for himself a revenue of two thousand crowns from the country which was affected to him. Therefore I reformed this abuse; but, believe me, the bulk of my generals wished to prove to me that the old system was advantageous to me, because through it there was more certainty of modelling a soldier in the needful way, and because from his childhood his character was known, and, in fact, a thousand other stupidities were brought forward. And can you believe that, notwithstanding the most absolute orders, there were still majors who maintained their ways (*qui allèrent toujours leur train*),

and I was forced to cashier two or three of them who would not submit ?

My father madly loved tall men, and adored the captains who were the tallest. It was enough for a soldier to be six feet two or three inches for everything to be permitted to him, and a captain who had twenty soldiers of such a height was sure to be in the good graces of the King. The consequences were a loose discipline, a very variable one, and a service of mere parade. As I did not hold such views, I made no exceptions. I required that the tall man, equally with the small man, should be punished, and I attached importance only to the goodness of the soldier, and not to his height. This policy displeased my officers greatly and also my giants. The first were alarmed at the desertions, which in truth were at first considerable, for the reason that the great statures were not respected. They even had the audacity to tell me that a man of six feet two or three inches deserved attentions, and should not be disciplined as an ordinary man. I asked them their reason for this, and they could not reply, as a consequence of which the difference between us soon ceased to exist.

You can see from these two examples how much private interest rises above the general good, and at the same time you will judge of the attention

which must be paid to the representations of the military when one touches their *revenant bon.*[1]

You must be very careful, my dear nephew, not to confuse the word "discipline." It is a word which can only draw its significance from the "spirit of the faculties" and from the peculiarities of the State in which it is employed; that is to say, each State should have its own proper discipline, the discipline required by it, and it is madness to wish to adopt that of one's neighbour. I shall enable you to understand this by giving you my own position.

A very wise rule made by my father formed our modern discipline. Listen well to this. According to this rule every captain is obliged to have two-thirds of strangers (foreigners) in his company. Therefore, in order to make these strangers feel more like citizens, and at the same time to sweeten their lot, which is really miserable, because they have no hope of ever seeing the end of it, we have thought that it was necessary to leave to these unfortunates that air of liberty and authority which they love to exercise over the remainder of mankind, and as a consequence no great attention is paid to the tricks they play in the garrisons.

[1] I do not understand these two words, and therefore give them in the original.

We leave them on this point a species of independence which lulls them in their misfortune. They think themselves something, and this sole idea saves them from despair.

This discipline does not agree badly with my subjects who are soldiers; by its means they form for themselves a flattering idea of their work, and little by little they accustom themselves to regard it as a profession.

It is thought that discipline alone makes a soldier. This is a mistake. It is rather the tone which is given to him. I proved this in my last wars, when I had no veterans. The army of the Empire and that of the Swedes furnished recruits to me every day, and yet these men had no sooner put on my uniform than they became Prussians, and on the first occasion they were only known by their singular valour. Discipline is even subordinated to these circumstances. It could not possibly be good but for this (*si cela est toujours égal*).[1]

When I began war my troops always knew me; the bulk of my soldiers loved me, because I paid, nourished, and kept them well. But I also was severe. I demanded that my orders should be executed rigorously. I forgave nothing, especially

[1] This sentence is obscure.

when we were under arms. After two campaigns I changed this severity into mildness. I had only deserters in my army. I could neither feed nor maintain them properly, and I was obliged to pay them in depreciated currency. I saw the necessity of attaching them to me in some way or other. With this object, I tried to instil joviality into them. I gave them freedom in marauding. I appeared to be pleased when they carried away the roof of a house to warm themselves with, and I neglected nothing which would give them a good opinion of themselves. I shut my eyes to many little acts of remissness in the service, and punishments were very light. When a regiment went a little too far I used to send it to Saxony, and my brother Henry, who was entrusted with the secret, restored it to order, for his army was only one of observation.

Your chief object, my dear nephew, must be to form good officers and good generals, therefore you must establish for yourself a plan of discipline, and still more of conduct, with them. As for me, this is what I have done up to now.

In time of peace, as in time of war, I enter into the smallest details with them ; every officer believes he is known by me, and there is not a general with whom I am not in relations. Although they play the first *rôle* in my States, that does not prevent

them from being my slaves. An officer and a general cannot absent themselves without due leave, and if either one or the other left without my permission I have a right to have him hanged, and by this means when I have a good man I keep him always.

The most fortunate officers have three years of misery and of shame to bear—of misery because they have only small salaries; of shame because the discipline is terrible. To compensate them I give them a very good position when they reach the superior grades, but they have no retiring pension. Since the last war I have named none of them to commands, governments of provinces, or staff appointments that have been vacant.

In order to imbue my officers with ambition, I shed renown over their gallant acts. At the affair of Rosbach I embraced a major of cavalry in the middle of the battle, and I made him on the spot an officer of true merit. At the siege of Dresden I sent my carriage to a lieutenant of the Guards who had been wounded after having four times successively attacked the same fortifications, and I gave him a captaincy.

In order to inspire them with contempt for death, I issued the famous Ode of General Keith, and during the whole of the war I caused *le*

libre avoitre.[1] As long as I had money I paid them well. When cash was scarce I debased the coin, but I allowed them to indulge in certain fancies against their hosts. When times became harder still I allowed them to be witnesses to my misfortunes; I interested them in these; I made them understand that constancy alone could drag us out of our embarrassments. They really were very much to be pitied in the last campaigns.

I really cannot understand how I managed to impress the greatest regularity into the service, especially amongst those who were arrant pillagers, and who had a tone of the greatest arrogance. One would think that I had inspired them with the way of thinking adapted to the circumstances. They were Arabs who crushed the country, but who gained battles. The same spirit more or less animated the generals. I shut my eyes to all the vexations they committed. They worked for me whilst working for themselves, and, after all, it was necessary that we should live together. Everybody told me that Major Keller, commandant at Leipsic, was enriching himself. I knew it well enough, but they did not know that he brought me in millions every year.

As little by little a man gets accustomed to live

[1] This word I do not understand, nor is it in my dictionary.

at ease, and realizes more and more the necessity of living, I had officers who were not anxious to seek glory in the midst of *mêlées*. I soon found them out, and I explained, as a general theme, the necessity for their distinguishing themselves in such cases, and facing the greatest perils. I made myself a living example, and I also had to punish on one or two occasions. From that time everybody became valiant.

When you are in command don't allow your intentions to be known by your generals. Give yourself always an air of superiority in military matters. Attribute to them always the failures of the day or the unfortunate issue of an enterprise. You saw how I punished Le Klzet and Finck for surrendering at Maxin, Zartroit for surrendering at Schweidnitz, and Roule for having advocated the surrender of the fortress of Grätz. In reality, the faults were not theirs, but mine.

My dear nephew, you are not in a position to exercise a very rigorous discipline, and you must necessarily avoid rendering the yoke heavier. Men are scarce in your States, and foreigners are too expensive to be hired, therefore do not interfere with the manner of executing justice in your regiments; death penalties must be rare. Let even your surgeons maintain the principles I inculcated

respecting the arms and the legs of your soldiers and officers. Demand from the subaltern officers only a good routine, for you do not require that he should know more than this, but exact from the superior officer genius and theory ; and, above all, be careful not to mistake mere details for great principles. Above all, make a great difference between a good quartermaster and a great general, because it is possible to be one without being the other.

I have thus developed before you my way of thinking about soldiers and subaltern officers. I shall now call your attention to the conduct I pursued in my last campaigns.

When I saw that France, the Queen of Hungary, and Russia were against me, I made up my mind. I abandoned the half of my States in order to concentrate my armies and to enable myself to invade Saxony. Everybody attributed this manœuvre to a fine political ruse. It was, however, necessary, because I could not in any case have prevented the loss of all my countries, and I would have been crushed in defending them.

Before beginning the war I established a system which I have never abandoned. I always with the greatest stubbornness held a portion of Saxony, and even when I was attacked on all sides I always stuck to that country, and it was well I did so, for

otherwise I would have been irretrievably lost. I know well that it is thought extraordinary that Berlin should have twice contributed (been mulcted by the enemy?), and that all the towns of my kingdom, excepting five or six, should have been taken, but they gave them back to me to make me get out of Saxony.

If my subjects were now consulted, I fully believe it would be found that the enthusiasm has to a certain extent passed away. I am even persuaded that they have since been engaged in calculating all the obligations of a king towards his subjects.

I had made my previous war as a scholar. The Marshal d'Anhalt and De Schewerin ordered the battles, and I was only a figure-head. In this war my self-love (*amour propre*) required me to play the leading part. Marshal Schewerin was necessary to me. I felt that he was necessary, but I was jealous of his glory, and if he had not been killed, it is certain that I would have shown him ingratitude.

My dear nephew, more honour is attributed to me than I deserve, for since the Marshal's death I have committed several acts of folly. I lost the battle of Kollen and raised the siege of Prague quite gratuitously. I made a strategical mistake

when I arrived in Moravia, after Marshal Daun, like a good general, had answered for (secured ?) Olmütz before leaving for Vienna. At Maxin I lost 15,000 men through obstinacy and ignorance, because I did not see that Marshal Daun had advanced with his army. The General Laudon took advantage of a false move which I made, and which resulted in my being taken in the flank at Schweidnitz. I allowed poor Fouquet to be crushed before Glatz. I would have lost the battle of Torgau if the Marshal Daun had not been wounded, and the Russians beat me three times out of four. I never could retake Dresden, and I had fifty-nine days of open trenches before Schweidnitz.

Notwithstanding all this, I am a general, and none can dispute that I have great qualities. I have lost battles; I have won battles; I have made retreats that did me infinite honour; I have made plans of campaigns which could not have been better devised; and I have discovered admirable expedients for getting out of the most cruel embarrassments.

But, my dear nephew, what saved me was my despair and my self-love (*amour propre*). I preferred to be buried under the ruins of my kingdom than to give way, and it is my obstinacy which tired out all the world. This may be attempted

once, but if one is wise he will not expose himself to it twice.

Now that I am in cold blood, I see all my glory vanishing into smoke. I have made much noise in the world, but what have I gained? Nothing! On the contrary, I lost much, seeing that the election of the King of the Romans has taken place. You know the project of our House, and I confess to you that I shall die of grief if I cannot make the empire pass into the hands of a Protestant prince.

But what afflicts me more is the state of the affairs of my kingdom. When I compare its situation in '56 with that of to-day, I am confounded. I must place it under your eyes so that you should in advance take the resolution to sacrifice everything in order to re-establish it.

Since '56 I have lost under arms more than 300,000 men. The population is by a good third less numerous than it was. The race of horses and other animals has diminished by more than half. The treasures of my father have been eaten up, and my coinage is debased by one-tenth. All the Provinces pay twice as much as in '56, owing to the interest on the sums they have been forced to borrow in order to pay the contributions which it is impossible for me to repay to them. I no

longer have any but an internal commerce, because my currency loses too much in exchange with foreign countries, and the bankruptcy of M. de Donenville has lost me all my credit. Most of my warehouses are empty, my artillery is very bad, and I have but few munitions of war. It is this which determined me to demolish many fortifications, because I was not in a position to put all the forts which I had abandoned in a state of defence. Moreover, at this moment, if I had another war, it would be impossible for me to keep them.

You see by all this that you have only one more step to take to be ruined, and that would be to undertake a new war, for however glorious it might be for you, it would crush you.

The only means of re-establishing your affairs is to preserve the alliance of England, to get heavy subsidies for carrying on the campaign, and to remain in your own country as far as possible. There would be no question any longer of making an offensive war. You would be no longer in a position to collect great armies, for you could not supply them with provisions nor with munitions of war. It would only be, therefore, at the last extremity that you should march.

In what position would you find yourself if your States were once again the prey of the enemy ?

How could they, in the future, pay the interest on the contributions which they would have to borrow? To what extent would not your population suffer? and where would the scarcity of animals end? As for me, I do not resist the sad ideas which all this pictures to me. I know what a reputation I have in all Europe for loving war, and I admit that it is my passion, but I know all its disasters, and I yield to evidence. It is not possible to make war, because I shall risk the complete ruin of my States. I pretend to be wicked and resolute, but I do so to deceive others.

One is not lucky twice over, or, to speak more correctly, fortune becomes avaricious when too much is demanded of her. Certainly she would not be generous enough to save our House a second time from the precipice on the brink of which it found itself in '57 and in '61. In '57, in the month of October, the French were at the gates of Magdeburg, the Austrians before Schweidnitz and Breslau, the Russians had all Prussia and a part of Brandenburg, the Swedes nearly the whole of Pomerania, Berlin had paid contributions, and all my allies were prisoners.

Rosbach restored me when on the brink of the precipice, and the affair of Breslau drew me from it for a year.

In '58 the Russians had my kingdom in their hands for three days. If I had been unfortunate enough to yield, I would have been lost irretrievably.

At the end of '61, in the month of November, having taken Colberg, the Russians were free to come to Berlin; the Austrians, in possessing Schweidnitz and Glatz, could dispose of Silesia; the French in occupying Hesse squeezed me tight on the side of Franconia; and Marshal Daun had seized more than half of Saxony. I scarcely had room enough to put my troops into quarters. Add to all this the want of money and of clothes for my troops, and, what was worse still, the want of food. In this moment of crisis the Empress of Russia died. Even if she had died through fright given her by me, nothing could have happened that was more *à propos* (lucky).

After peace, I made, like everybody else, reforms, but I did not follow up the rules of seniority. I dismissed all the officers whom I suspected of being bad. I have already told you that I shut my eyes to many acts of theirs during the campaign, but I had registered on my tablets all their bad actions, and when I had no more need of them I made crimes of what I had previously treated as trifles.

This is more or less my way of thinking about

the military, and the conduct I have held towards them. Let us now talk a little of the way of provisioning armies.

Provisions are so necessary to an army, that it is impossible for the one to exist without the other; but the great question is to know up to what point one must occupy one's self about them.

Having carefully reflected on these matters, I have drawn up the following system:—

I have accustomed my soldiers, little by little, to bé without bread, meat, and spirits. I have allowed them to obtain their subsistence from the peasant, and I only organized a commissariat when I could not do otherwise. As everything was under the Administration, all the savings were to my benefit. When a regiment arrived in a town, the citizens were obliged to feed them for several successive days. I shared this advantage with my soldiers. I paid them three sous, and I retained two for the bread which they might have taken from my stores. When an army was marching, and had had no bread for a day, it was so much profit for me. By this arrangement I gained not only some six weeks of subsistence in the year, but I could even venture on forced marches, because I had not the fear that the want of bread for one or two days would make the army grumble.

When the commissariat question is worked in a certain way an advance can only be made with great difficulty, because before moving how to live has to be thought of; whereas when the soldiers are on a good footing, they themselves become careful, and they do not eat all that they have, unless they are certain of being again provisioned, and in this way the general is much less hampered in his operations. I never could have made the forced marches I did if I had not trusted to luck for one or two days of subsistence, and if my soldiers had not been persuaded that want of bread and meat might be endured.

You cannot have any idea, my dear nephew, of the advantage which there is when an army accustoms itself to this uncertainty. The general must not make an abuse of it, but he must take advantage of it in circumstances which are decisive.

In not thinking seriously, excepting in necessary cases, of the subsistence of the soldier, the air of importance which makes it so costly is taken away from it. My dear nephew, I do not say that you must not regard this subject as one of the most essential ones, but when you can treat it with a kind of indifference you must know how to reap a profit from it.

I do not speak to you of the Engineers nor of

the Artillery, because unfortunately these two things with us are still in their infancy. We have not sufficient resources to put them on a good footing. Under no circumstances should you refrain from putting yourself at the head of your troops, for the two-thirds of your soldiers can be animated by no motive other than that of your presence.

As your situation will not allow you to have an army that is well provided, you must be present with it to personally take advantage of everything. It was in pursuance of this principle that as soon as I entered a country I treated it as a conqueror. I went through Franconia and on the side of Newburg, and in the contributions I got I often, instead of money, accepted cloth, shoes, leather and flour, and even peas and beans. Everything will do, my dear nephew, when it can be made use of.

Do not allow yourself to be under any illusions as regards the past; events had more to do with making me great than my talents and my forces. The mistakes of the French began my glory—the self-seeking of the Russian generals sustained it for some time, and the divisions of the Austrian generals nourished it to the end. When one is lucky, the arms opposed to us turn to our profit. Without the armies of the Empire and of Sweden I could never have brought mine forward. They were a real

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godsend to me. I had thrown so great a ridicule on these two species of men, that the soldiers who had a little heart thought themselves dishonoured by serving in their armies.

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C. WHITTALL, JR.

SMYRNA, *July* 4, 1816.

PART III.

PREMIÈRE MATINÉE.

Origine de Nôtre Maison.

Dans le temps du désordre et de la confusion on vit élever au milieu des nations barbares, un commencement de souveraineté nouvelle. Les Gouvernements de différens pays secouérent le joug, et bientôt devenus assez puissans pour se faire craindre par leurs maîtres, ils obtinrent des priviléges, ou, pour mieux dire, pour la forme d'un genou à terre, ils importérent le fonds. Dans le nombre de ces audacieux, il y en a plusieurs qui ont jetté le fondement des plus grandes monarchies, où peut-être même tous les Empereurs, Rois, et Princes de nôtre temps leur doivent leur états. Pour nous, nous sommes à coup sûr dans ce cas. Vous rougissez, allez, je vous pardonne, mais ne vous avisez plus de faire l'enfant, et sachez, pour toujours, qu'en fait de Royaume l'on prend quand on peût, et l'on n'a jamais tort que quand on est obligé de rendre. Reprenons, et que ceci soit dit en passant.

Le premier de nos ancêtres qui acquit quelque souveraineté sur le pays qu'il gouvernait, fut Taxillon Comte de Zohem-zollern. Le treizième de ses descendans fut Burgrave de Nuremburg, le vingt cinquième Electeur de Brandebourg, et le trente-septième, Roi de Prusse. Notre nation a eû, ainsi que toutes les autres, ses Achilles, ses Cicérons, et ses Nestors, ses Nérons, ses imbécilles, et ses fainéans, ses femmes savantes, ses marâtres, et a coup sûr ses femmes galantes. Elle s'est aussi souvent agrandie par les droits que l'on ne connaît que chez les princes heureux, où qui sont les plus forts, car l'on avait dans l'ordre de nos successions, celle de convenance, d'expectative et de protection.

Depuis Taxillon jusqu'au Grand Electeur, nous n'avons fait que végéter, nous avions, dans l'Empire, cinquante Princes qui ne nous cédaient en rien ; et à proprement parler, nous n'étions qu'une branche d'un grand lustre en Allemagne. Guillaume le Grand par ses actions éclatantes, nous tira du pair, et enfin en 1701, cela n'est pas vieux, la vanité mit sur la tête de mon grand père une Couronne. Et c'est à cette époque que nous pouvons rapporter notre véritable consistance, puisqu'elle nous mit dans le cas de parler en Roi, et de traiter en égal avec toutes les Puissances du monde.

Si nous comptons les vertûs de nos Ancestres,

nous verrions aisément que ce n'est pas à ces avantages que nôtre maison doit son agrandissement, nous avons eû la plus grande partie de nos princes qui se sont mal conduits, mais c'est le hazard et les circonstances qui nous ont bien servi ; je vous ferai même observer, en passant, que nôtre premier diadème s'est posé sur une tête des plus vaines et plus légéres, et sur un corps tordu et bossu. Je vois bien, mon cher neveu, que je vous laisse dans l'obscurité sur notre origine, l'on pretend que ce Comte de Zohem-zollern était d'une grand maison, mais, dans le vrai, personne ne s'est pourvû ; au reste, il y a assez de temps que nous sommes nés bons Gentils-hommes, ainsi tenons-nous en là.

De la Position de mon Royaume.

Je ne suis pas heureux de ce côté là. Pour vous en convaincre, jettez les yeux sur la Carte, et vous verrez que la plus grande partie de mes états est divisée d'une façon à ne pouvoir se donner du secours mutuel. Je n'ai point de grandes rivières traversant mes provinces, quelques unes les côtoyent, mais peu les entrecoupent.

Du Sol de mes États.

Un grand tiers de mes États est en friche, et un autre tiers en bois, rivières ou marais ; le tiers qui

est cultivé ne rapporte ni vins, ni oliviers, ni muriers; tous les fruits et tous les légumes n'y viennent qu'à force de soins, mais fort peu arrivent au véritable point de perfection, j'ai seulement des cantons où le seigle et le froment ont quelque réputation.

Des Moeurs des Habitans.

Je ne sçaurai rien faire sur ce point, parce-que mon Royaume n'est que de pièces rapportées, tout ce que je puis vous dire d'assez certain, c'est qu'en général mes sujets sont braves et durs, peu friands, mais ivrognes, amans insipides et maris bourrus, d'un grand sang froid, que je tiens un peu pour bêtise, savans dans le droit, peu philosophes, moins orateurs, et encore moins poètes, affectant une grande simplicité dans la parure, mais se tenant pour bien mis avec une petite bourse et un grand chapeau, des manchettes d'une aulne, des bottes jusqu'a à la ceinture, une petite canne, un habit très court et une veste forte longue. Pour les femmes, elles sont toujours grosses où nourrices, d'une grande douceur aimant leur ménages et assez fidèles a leurs maris; quand aux filles elles puisent du privilège à la mode; j'en suis si peu fâchè que j'ai cherché a excuser leurs faiblesses dans mes mémoires, il faut bien mettre ces pauvres créatures à leur aise, pour

éviter qu'elles apprennent une pratique qui les ferait manœuvrer en sûreté, et qui causerait un grand préjudice a l'état. Et même pour les encourager j'ai pris soin de donner, dans mes Régiments, la préférence aux fruits de ces amours, et celui qui doit le jour à un officier, je le fais porte-enseigne, et souvent officier à son tour.

DEUXIÈME MATINÉE.

De la Religion.

La Religion est absolument nécessaire à un État, c'est une maxime qu'on serait fou de disputer ; et un Roi est mal adroit quand il permet que ses sujets en abusent, mais aussi un Roi n'est pas sage d'en avoir. Ecoutez bien ceci, mon neveu.

Il n'y a rien qui tirannise plus l'esprit et le cœur que la Religion parce qu'elle ne s'y accorde ni avec nos passions ni avec les grandes vues politiques qu'un monarque doit avoir. Si on craint Dieu, ou pour mieux dire l'enfer, on devient Capucin. Est-il question d'une Province voisine ? une armée de diables se présente à vos yeux pour la défendre ; nous sommes assez faibles pour croire que c'est une injustice. Voulons nous faire un traité avec une Puissance ? si nous souvenons seulement que nous sommes chrétiens, tout est perdu, nous serons toujours dupes. Pour la guerre, c'est un métier où le plus petit scrupule

gâterait tout ; en effet quel est l'honnête homme qui voudrait la faire, si l'on n'avait pas le droit de faire des régles qui permettent le pillage, le feu et le carnage ?

Je ne dis pas cependant qu'il faille afficher l'impiété, mais il faut penser selon le rang qu'on occupe. Tous les Pâpes qui ont eû le sens commun, ont eû des systèmes de Religion propres à leur agrandissement. Et ce serait le comble de la folie, si un prince s'attachait à de petites misères qui ne sont faites que pour le peuple, d'ailleurs le moyen d'écarter le fanatisme de ses États, est d'être sur la Religion de la plus belle indifférence : Croyez-moi, mon cher neveu, la Ste. Mère a ces caprices comme une autre.

Attachez vous donc a être Philosophe sur ce point, vous verrez qu'il n'y aura dans notre Royaume aucune dispute de conséquence sur cet objet, car les partis ne se forment que sur la faiblesse des Princes et de leurs Ministres.

Une réflection importante que j'ai à vous faire, c'est que vos ancêtres ont opéré de la fâçon la plus sensée dans cette partie, ils ont fait une réforme qui leur a donné un air d'apôtres en remplissant bien leur bourse. C'est sans contredit le changement le plus raisonnable qui soit jamais arrivé dans cette matière ; mais puis-qu'il n'y a presque plus rien à

gagner, et qu'il serait trop dangereux dans ce moment ci de vouloir marcher sur leurs traces, il faut s'en tenir à la tolérance. Retenez bien ce principe, mon neveu, et dites toujours, comme moi, l'on prie Dieu dans mon Royaume comme l'on vêut etc., etc. ; car pour peu que vous négligiez cette maxime, tout est perdu dans mes Etats, et voici pourquoi.

Mon Royaume est composé de plusieurs sectes ; dans certaines Provinces, les Réformés sont en possession de toutes les charges, dans d'autres les Luthériens ont les mêmes avantages, et il y en a où les Catholiques dominent au point que le Roi ne peut y envoyer qu'un ou deux Commissaires Protestants. Quant aux Juifs, ce sont de pauvres diables qui n'ont pas dans le fonds, autant de tort qu'on le dit, ils payent bien, et après tout, ils ne dupent que les Sots.

Comme nos ayeux se firent chrétiens dans le neuvieme siècle, pour plaire aux Empereurs ; et Luthériens dans le quinzième siècle, pour prendre les biens de l'Eglise, Réformés dans le seizième pour plaire aux Hollandais à cause de la succession de Clêves, nous pouvons bien nous rendre des indifférents pour maintenir la tranquillité dans nos États.

Mon Père avait eû un projet excellent, mais qui

ne lui réussit pas ; il avait engagé le Président Laon à lui faire un petit traité de Religion pour tâcher de réunir les trois sectes, et de n'en faire qu'une. Le Président parlait mal du Pape, traitait St. Joseph de bon homme, prennait le chien de St. Roch par les oreilles, et tenait le cochon de St. Antoine par la queue ; il ne croyait point à la chaste Suzanne, regardait St. Bernard et St. Dominique comme deux courtisans, et refusait St. François de Sales pour saint. Les onze mille vierges n'avait pas plus de crédit dans son esprit que tous les saints et martyrs de la famille de Loyala. Quand aux mystères, il convenait qu'il fallait mettre de bon sens en tout, et ne pas s'en tenir aux mots. A l'égard des Luthériens, il en faisait son point d'appui ; il voulait que les Catholiques devinssent un peu infidèles à la cour de Rome ; mais il demandait que les Luthériens cessassent d'être aussi subtils dans la dispute, et il prétendait, quelques distinctions ôtées, qu'il était sûr qu'on se trouverait très près les uns des autres, on croyait qu'il aurait plus de peine à rapprocher les Calvinistes, il proposait cependant un bon expédient sur la grande difficulté, qui était de n'avoir que Dieu pour confident quand on communiait.

Il regardait le culte des images comme une amorce pour le peuple, et il croyait qu'il fallait à un

paysan un saint quelconque. Pour les moines, il les expulsait, parcequ'il les considérait comme des ennemis à qui il faut une forte contribution, quant aux Prêtres, il leur donnait des Gouvernantes pour femmes. Ceci a fait beaucoup de bruit parceque les bonnes Dames prétendaient qu'elles était lézées, et que c'était un sacrilège parcequ'on touchait aux mystères.

Si cette brochure avait étè goûtée, on était résolu de suivre tous les projets, et l'on aurait fait tous les efforts pour l'exécuter ; pour moi je ne l'ai point abandonné, et j'espére même vous donner des facilités pour pouvoir en venir à bout. Voici ce que je fais pour cela.

Je tache de faire répandre dans tout ce qu'on écrit dans mon Royaume, un mépris pour tout ce qui a été réformateur, et je ne perds pas la plus petite occasion pour développer les vues Ambitieuses de la Cour de Rome, des prêtres et des Ministres. Peu à peu, j'accoutumerai tous mes sujets à penser comme moi, je les détacherai de tous leurs préjugés.

Mais comme il leur faut un culte, je leur ferai paraître, si je vis assez, quelqu' homme éloquent qui en prêchera un. D'abord j'aurai l'air de vouloir le persécuter, mais peu à peu je me déclarerai son défenseur et j'embrasserai avec chaleur son système.

Le système, si vous voulez que je vous le dise, est déjà fait.

Voltaire a composé le préambule; il prouve la nécessité de se désister de tout ce qu'on a dit jusqu'a présent sur la Religion, parceque l'on n'est d'accord sur aucun point. Il fait le portrait de chaque Chef de secte avec une liberté qui ressemble à la pure vérité. Il a déterré des anecdotes des Papes, des Evêques, des Prêtres et des Ministres, qui répandent une gaité sur son ouvrage. Il est écrit avec un stile si serré et si rapide qu'on n'a pas le temps de le réfléchir, et comme un orateur rempli de l'art le plus subtil, il a l'air de la meilleure foi du monde quand il avance les principes les plus douteux. D'Alembert et Maupertain ont formé le cannevas, ils l'ont calculé avec tant de précision, qu'on serait tenté de croire qu'ils ont tâché de se le démontrer à eux mêmes avant de l'aller démontrer aux autres. Rousseau travaille depuis quatre ans à prévenir toutes les observations. . . . Je me fais déja une fête de mortifier tous ces Monseigneurs et tous ces Ministres impesés qui oseront nous contredire.

Il y a déja une suite de cinquante conséquences pour chaque objet de dispute, et au moins trente six réflexions sur chacun des articles de l'écriture sainte. Il est même presentement occupé à prouver que tout ce qu'on débite aujourdhui n'est qu'une

fable, qu'il n'y a jamais eû de Paradis terrestre, et que c'est dégrader Dieu que de croire qu'il a fait son semblable un franc nigaud, et sa créature la plus parfaite, une franche libertine, Car enfin, ajoute-t-il, il n'y a que la longeur du serpent qui ait pû séduire Eve, et dans ce cas, cela prouve un désordre affreux dans son imagination.

Le Marquis D'Argens et M. Formey ont preparé la composition d'un concile. Je dois y présider, mais sans prétendre que le St. Esprit me donne un grain de lumière plus qu'aux autres. Il n'y aura qu'un ministre de chaque Religion, et quatre députés de chaque Province, dont deux de la noblesse et deux du tiers état. Pour le reste, des Prêtres, moines et ministres, en général, en seront exclus comme Gens interressés a la chose, et pour que le St. Esprit paraisse mieux présider à cette assemblée, l'on conviendra de décider tout bonnement suivant le sens commun.

TROISIÈME MATINÉE.

De la Justice.

Nous devons à nos sujets la Justice, comme ils nous doivent le respect. C'est une chose convenue ; mais il faut bien prendre garde de nous laisser subjuguer par elle. Représentez vous la, mon cher neveu,

comme conduisant le malheureux Charles sur l'Echaffaud.

Je suis trop ambitieux pour vouloir qu'il y ait quelqu' ordre dans un Etat qui me gêne, et c'est ce sentiment qui m'obligea à faire un nouveau code. Je sais bien que j'ai mis la bonne en pet-en-l'air, mais je craignais ses yeux, parceque je connais le poids qu'elle a parmi le peuple.

Que les Princes adroits en satisfaisant leur ambition peuvent se faire adorer ! La plus grande partie de mes sujets a crû que j'avais été touché des malheurs qu'entraîne après elle la chicane. Helva ! Je l'avoue, et j'en rougis, bien loin de l'avoir en vue, je regrette les petits avantages qu'elle procurait, car les droits établis sur les procédures et le papier marqué ont diminué mes revenus de pres de cinq cent mille livres. Ne vous laissez pas éblouir, mon cher neveu, par le mot de Justice ; c'est un mot qui a différens rapports et qui peût-être expliqué de différentes manières. Voici le sens que je lui donne. La Justice est l'image de Dieu, qui peût donc atteindre à une si haute perfection ? N'est-on pas meme assez raisonable, quand on se désiste du projet insensé de la posséder entièrement ?

Voyez tous les Pays du monde, et examinez bien si on la rend dans deux Royaumes de la même manière, consultez après cela, les principes qui

conduisent les hommes, et voyez s'ils s'y accordent. Qu'y a-t-il donc de si extra ordinaire qu'un chacun veuille être juste a sa manière ?

Quand j'ai voulu jetter les yeux sur tous les Tribunaux de mon Royaume, j'ai trouvé une immense armée de Magistrats, tous censés honnêtes gens, mais tous soupçonnés de ne pas l'être, chaque tribunal avait son supérieur, moi-même j'avais le mien, car on formait opposition aux Jugemts, rendus par mon conseil. Je ne m'en fâche pas parce que c'était l'usage.

En examinant les progrès que la justice faisait dans mes Etats, je fus effrayé de voir que dans un siècle, la dixième partie de mes sujets serait enrôllée sous ses drapeaux, et en calculant ce qu'il fallait pour faire vivre ces legions je tremblai, lorsque je vis que la dixième partie des revenus de mon Royaume passait entre leurs mains, mais ce qui me donnait plus d'inquiétude, c'était cette marche sûre et constante qu'ont les gens de loi (c'est l'esprit de liberté inséparable de leurs principes) ; et cette fâçon adroite de conserver leurs avantages et d'écraser leurs ennemis par l'apparence de l'équité la plus sévère. Je repassai souvent dans ma mémoire tous ces actes pleins de vigueur, mais souvent bien bizarres du Parlement d'Angleterre et de Paris, et si j'admirais souvent, j'étais quelque fois bien honteux pour la majesté du Thrône. C'est au

milieu de ces réflexions, que je me décidai à saper le fondement de cette grande Puissance, et ce n'est qu'en la simplifiant le plus qui j'ai pû, que je l'ai réduite au point où mon ambition la demandait. Vous serez peût-être surpris, mon cher neveu, que des gens qui n'ont aucune armée, et qui ne parlent jamais qu'avec respect de la personne sacrée du Roi, soient les seuls en état de lui faire la loi; c'est précisément par ces mêmes raisons, qu'il ne leur est pas difficile d'arrêter nôtre puissance, on ne saurait les soupçonner d'user de violence, puisqu'ils n'ont point d'armée ; ni de nous manquer de respect, puisqu'ils nous parlent toujours avec la plus grande décence, et nos sujets sont entrainés par cette éloquence ferme qui ne semble produite que pour leur bonheur et nôtre gloire.

J'ai souvent réfléchi sur les avantages que procure d'un Royaume un Corps qui représente la nation et qui est dépositaire des loix, de même qu'un Roi est plus sûr de la Couronne, lorsq'il la lui donne où lorsqu'il la lui conserve, mais qu'il faut étre homme de bien et rempli de bons principes pour permettre qu'on pèse tous les jours nos actions! Non, quand on a de l'ambition il faut y renoncer, je n'aurais rien fait, si j'avais ete gêné ; peût-être passerai-je pour un Roi juste, mais l'on me refuserait le titre de Héro.

QUATRIÈME MATINÉE.

DE LA POLITIQUE.

Comme parmi les hommes l'on est convenu qui duper son semblable était une action criminelle, l'on a été obligé de chercher un autre terme qui adoucit la chose, et c'est le mot de Politique que l'on a choisi infailliblement. Ce mot n'a été choisi qu'en faveur des Souverains, parceque décemment l'on ne peût pas nous traiter de coquins et de fripons ; quoi qu'il en soit, voici au vrai ce que je pense sur la Politique.

J'entends par le mot de Politique, qu'il faut toujours chercher à duper les autres ; c'est le moyen, non pas d'avoir de l'avantage, mais de se trouver au pair ; car soyez sûr que tous les États du monde courent la même carrière, or, ce principe posé, ne rougissez pas de faire des alliances dans la vue d'en tirer vous seul l'avantage ; ne faites point la faute grossière de ne pas les abandonner quand vous croirez qu'il y a de vôtre intérêt, et surtout continuez vivement cette maxime : que de dépouiller ses voisins, c'est leur ôter les moyens de vous nuire.

La Politique, proprement parler, construit et conserve les Royaumes, ainsi il la faut bien entendre et la concevoir dans les grands. Pour cet effet nous allons la diviser en Politique d'État et en

Politique particulière, la première ne regarde que les grands intérêts du Royaume; et la seconde, les intérêts particuliers d'un Prince.

De la Politique Particulière.

Un prince ne doit jamais se montrer que du beau côté et c'est à quoi il faut nous appliquer sérieusement, quand j'étais prince Royal, j'étais fort peu militaire, j'aimais mes commodités, la bonne chère, le vin, et j'étais à deux mains pour l'amour; Quand je fus Roi, je parus soldat, Philosophe et Poète, je couchai sur la paille, je mangeai du pain de munition à la tête de mon camp, je bus fort peu devant mes sujets, et je parus mépriser les femmes. Voici comment je me conduits dans toutes mes actions.

Dans les Belles Lettres

J'ai fait tout ce que j'ai pû pour me faire une réputation dans les belles lettres, et j'ai été plus heureux que le Cardinal de Richelieu, car, Dieu merci, je passe pour auteur, mais, entre nous, c'est une maudite race que celle des beaux esprits; c'est un peuple insupportable pour la vanité; il y a tel poète que refuserait mon Royaume, s'il etait obligé de me sacrifier un de ses beaux vers. Comme c'est un métier qui nous éloigne des occupations du Trône, je ne compose que quand je n'ai rien de

mieux à faire, et pour me donner un peu plus d'aisance j'ai à ma cour quelques beaux esprits, qui prennent la peine de rédiger mes idées.

Vous avez vû avec quelle distinction j'ai traité dans le dernier voyage M. D'Alembert; je l'ai toujours fait manger avec moi, et je n'ai fait que de louer; vous avez même paru surpris des grandes attentions que j'avais pour cet auteur. Vous ne savez donc pas que ce Philosophe est écouté à Paris comme un Oracle; qu'il ne parle jamais que de mes talens, que de mes vertus, et qu'il conte partout que j'ai tous les caractères d'un vrai héro et d'un grand Roi, d'ailleurs j'aime à etre loué, et D'Alembert n'ouvre jamais la bouche que pour me dire des choses obligeantes; Voltaire n'est pas de ce caractère-là, aussi je l'ai chassé, je m'en suis fait un mérite aupres de Maupertain; mais dans le fonds je le craignais, parceque je n'étais pas sûr de pouvoir lui faire le même bien, et que je savais qu'un écu de moins m'aurait attiré deux mille coups de patte, D'ailleurs, tout bien considéré, et après avoir pris conseil de mon académie, il fut décidé que deux beaux esprits ne peuvent jamais respirer le même air, J'oubliais de vous dire qu'au milieu de mes plus grands malheurs, j'ai eû soin de faire payer aux beaux esprits leur pension, ces Philosophes font de la guerre la

follie la plus affreuse, aussitót qu'elle touche à leur bourse.

Dans le Petit Détail.

Voulez vous apprendre à contenter le monde à peu de fraix? Voici le secret, qu'il soit permis à tous vos sujets de vous écrire directement et même de vous parler; et lorsqu'on le fera, écoutez ou répondez; mais voici le stile dont il faut que vous fassiez usage:

"Si ce que vous me marquez est vrai, je vous rendrai justice; mais comptez aussi sur le zêle que j'ai toujours à prévenir la calomnie et le mensonge. Je suis votre Roi, Frederick."

Si l'on vient pour se plaindre, écoutez attentivement, mais d'un air qui en impose. Deux lettres de ce goût et deux réponses faites ainsi, vous donneront, dans vos États, et surtout dans les Cours étrangères, un air de simplicité et de détail qui fait la fortune des Rois, je sais que deux pareilles lettres, qui existaient dans les pays que les Français m'ont pris m'ont fait passer pour le Roi le plus uni et le plus équitable.

Dans L'Habillement.

Si mon grand père avait vécu vingt ans de plus, nous étions perdus, parceque le jour de sa fête

aurait mangé le Royaume ; Je ne porte jamais que mon habit uniforme, le militaire croit que c'est par le cas que je fais de son état, je le laisse dans cette idée, mais, dans le fait, c'est pour prêcher l'example, Mon Père a très bien imaginé l'habit bleu pour le galon ; quand on n'est pas riche, et qu'on veût se bien mettre, il faut éviter le demi galon.

Dans mes Voyages.

Je marche toujours sans gardes, et je vais nuit et jour, ma suite est très peu nombreuse, mais bien choisie, ma voiture est toute unie, elle est en revanche bien suspendue et j'y dors aussi bien que dans mon lit, je parais faire peu d'attention à la façon de vivre, un laquais, un cuisinier et un pâtissier sont tout l'equipage de ma bouche, j'ordonne moi-même mon diner, et ce n'est pas ce que je fais le plus mal, parceque je connais le pays, et que je demande soit gibier, soit poisson ou viande de boucherie, ce qu'il produit de meilleur ; Quand j'arrive dans un endroit, j'ai toujours l'air fatigué, et je me montre au peuple avec un mauvais surtout et une perruque mal peignée, ce sont des riens qui font souvent une impression singulière, je donne audience à tout le monde, excepté aux Prêtres, ministres et moines, comme ces messieurs sont accoutumés à parler de bout, je les écoute a ma

fenêtre, et un Page les reçoit et leur fait mon compliment à la porte.

Dans tout ce que je dis, j'ai toujours l'air de ne penser qu'au bonheur de mes sujets, je fais des questions aux nobles, aux Bourgeois, a l'artisan, et j'entre avec eux dans les plus petits détails, vous avez entendu, ainsi que moi, mon cher neveu, les propos flatteurs de ces bons gens ; rappellez-vous celui qui disait qu'il fallait que je fusse bien bon pour me donner autant de mal, apres une guerre aussi pénible et si longue ; et souvenez-vous de celui qui me plaignait de tout son cœur en voyant mon mauvais surtout et les petits plats qu'on servait a ma table, Le pauvre homme ne savait pas que j'avais un bon habit dessous, et croyait qu'on ne pouvait pas vivre, si on n'avait pas un jambon où un quartier de veau à sa table.

Dans la Revue de mes Troupes.

Avant de passer un Régiment, j'ai l'attention de lire le nom de tous les officiers et de tous les Sergeants, et j'en retiens trois ou quatre avec le nom des compagnies où ils sont, je me fais informer exactement des petits abus qui se commettent par un Capitaine et je permets à tous mes Soldats de se plaindre.

L'heure de la revue arrivée, je pars de chez moi ; bientot la populace m'entoure, je ne permets

pas qu'on l'écarte, et je cause avec celui qui est le plus près de moi et qui me répond le mieux, arrivé au Regiment, je le fais manœuvrer, je passe doucement dans tous les rangs, et je parle à tous les capitaines. Lorsque je suis vis-àvis de ceux dont j'ai retenu les noms je les nomme, ainsi que les Lieutenans et Sergents ; cela me donne un air singulier de mémoire et de réflexion ; vous avez vû, mon cher neveu, la façon dont j'humiliai ce Major qui donnait des chemises trop courtes à sa Compagnie, je fis si bien qu'un des soldats eût la hardiesse d'ôter sa chemise de sa culotte. Si un Regiment manœuvrait mal, j'ai une façon de le punir, j'ordonne qu'on fasse l'exercice quinze jours de plus, et je ne fais manger aucun officier avec moi, s'il manœuvre bien, je fais manger avec moi tous les Capitaines et même quelques Lieutenans. Les passant ainsi en revue, je connais mes troupes, et quand je trouve quelque officier qui me répond avec netteté, je le mets dans mon catalogue, afin de m'en servir dans l'occasion.

Jusqu'a présent, tout le monde croit que l'amour seul que j'ai pour mes sujets m'engage à visiter mes Etats aussi souvent qu'il m'est possible ; je laisse tout le monde dans cette idée, mais, dans le vrai, ce motif y entre pour peu ; le fond est que je suis obligé de le faire et voici pourquoi :

Mon Royaume est despotique, par conséquent celui qui le possède en a seul la charge ; si je ne parcourais pas mes Etats, un Gouverneur se mettrait à ma place peu-à-peu, se dépouillerait des principes d'obéissance, pour n'adopter que des idées d'indépendence, d' ailleurs, comme mes ordres ne peuvent être que fiers et absolus, ceux qui me représenteraient prendraient le même ton, de là la Tirannie, au lieu qu'en visitant de temps en temps mon Royaume, je suis à portée de connaître tous les abus que l'on fait du pouvoir que j'ai confié, et de faire rester dans le devoir ceux qui voudraient s'en ecarter, ajoutez à ces raisons celle de faire croire à mes sujets que je viens dans leurs trous pour recevoir leurs plaintes et calmer leurs maux.

Dans les Plaisirs.

L'amour est un dieu qui ne pardonne à personne ; quand on résiste à ces traits qu'il lance de bonne Guerre, il se retourne ; ainsi, croyez-moi, n'ayez point la vanité de lui faire tête ; il vous attraperait toujours, quoique je n'ai pas à me plaindre du tour qu'il m'a joué, je vous conseille de ne pas suivre mon example, cela pourrait par la suite, tirer à grande conséquence ; car peu-à-peu tous vos gouverneurs et tous vos officiers recruteraient plus pour leurs plaisirs que pour vôtre gloire, et

finalement vôtre armée serait comme le Régiment de vôtre Oncle Henry.

J'aurais aimé la chasse, mais le compte du grand veneur m'en corrigea, mon Père m'a dit cent fois qu'il n'y a que deux Rois en Europe qui soient assez riches pour courrir le Cerf, parceque il est indécent de chasser en Gentilhomme quand on a une Couronne sur la tête.

La nature m'a donné des penchans assez doux, j'aime la bonne chère, le vin, le caffé, et les liqueurs, cependant mes sujets croyent que je suis le prince le plus sobre. Quand je mange en public, mon Cuisinier Allemand fait le diner, je bois de la bierre, et deux ou trois coups de vin. Quand je suis dans mes petits appartemens, mon cuisinier français fait tout ce qu'il peût pour me contenter, et j'avoue que je suis un peu difficile, je suis près de mon lit et c'est ce qui me rassure sur tout ce que je bois. Les Philosophes ont beau dire, les sens méritent bien qu'on leur donne deux heures par jour, car, dans le fait, que serait notre existance sans eux ? Je joue avec plaisir, mais je n'ai jamais pu m'accoutumer à perdre, et d'ailleurs le jeu est le miroir de l'âme, ce qui ne fait pas tout-à-fait mon compte, parceque je ne suis pas curieux qu'on lise dans la mienne, ainsi, mon cher neveu, examinez bien, et si vous n'avez pas un penchant décidé pour le gain, vous pouvez jouer.

J'aime beaucoup le spectacle, et surtout la musique, mais je trouve que l'opéra est bien cher, et le plaisir que je goûté à entendre une belle voix serait bien plus vif, s'il ne coûtait pas tant d'argent ; comme personne ne se fait illusion sur cette dépense, j'ai fait tous mes efforts pour persuader qu'elle etait utile, mais les vieux généraux n'ont jamais voulû concevoir qu'une chanteuse dût avoir les même appointemens qu'eux.

Je vous fais connaître, mon cher neveu, l'homme à mes dépens ; croyez qu'il est toujours livré à ses passions, que l'amour propre fait sa gloire et que ses vertus ne sont appuyées que sur son intérêt. Voulez-vous passer pour Héro ? approchez hardiment du crime ; voulez-vous passer pour sage ? contre-fâites vous avec art.

CINQUIÈME MATINÉE.

Politique d'État.

Le Politique d'État se réduit a trois principes :

Le premier, à se gouverner et à s'aggrandir suivant les circonstances.

Le second, à ne s'allier que pour son avantage.

Le troisième, à se faire craindre et respecter dans les temps même les plus fâcheux.

Voici mon cher neveu, comment j'ai suivi ces trois principes.

Du Premier Principe.

En montant sur le Trone, je visitai les Coffres de mon Père ; sa grande économie me mit dans le cas de concevoir de grands projets ; quelque tems apres je fis la revue de mes Troupes, je les trouvai superbes ; apres cette revue, je retournai a mes Coffres et j'en tirai de quoi doubler mon militaire ; comme je venais de doubler ma Puissance, il était naturel que je ne me bornasse pas à conserver ce que j'avais, ainsi je fus bientôt décidé à profiter de la première occasion qui se présenterait, en attendant j'exerçai bien mes Troupes, et je fis tous mes efforts pour que toute l'Europe eût l'œil sur tous mes manœuvres ; je les renouvellai chaque année, afin de paraître plus savant et finalement je parvins a mon but, je tournai la tête a toutes les puissances ; tout le monde se crût perdû si l'on ne savait pas tourner les bras, la Tête et les pieds à la Prussienne ; et tous mes soldats et mes officiers crurent valoir deux fois plus quand ils virent qu'on les imitait partout.

Lorsque mes troupes eurent acquis ainsi un avantage sur les autres, je ne fus plus occupé qu'a examiner les prétentions que je pouvais former sur différentes provinces, quatre points principaux s'offrirent à mes yeux, la Silésie, la Prusse Polonaise,

la Gueldres et la Poméranie Suédoise, je me fixai à la Silésie, parceque cet objet méritait plus que les autres mon attention, et que les circonstances étaient favorables ; je laissai au temps le soin d'exécuter mes projets dans tous les autres points.

Je ne vous démontrerai pas la validité de mes prétentions sur cette Province, je les ai fait établir par mes orateurs, la Reine les a fait combattre par les siens, et nous avons fini le procés à coup de Sabre, mais pour revenir aux circonstances. Voici comme elles se présentèrent.

La France voulait ôter l'Empire à la maison d'Autriche, je ne demandai pas mieux ; la France voulait faire en Italie un Etat pour l'Infant, j'en étais charmé, parcequ'on ne le pouvait faire qu'aux dépens de la Reine. La France concût enfin le noble projet d'aller aux Portes de Vienne, c'est où je l'attendais pour m'emparer de la Silésie. Ayez done de l'argent, mon cher neveu donnez un air de supériorite a vos Troupes, attendez les circonstances, et vous serrez assuré, non pas de conserver vos États, mais de les agrandir.

Il y a de mauvais Politiques qui prétendent, qu'un État qui est arrivé à un certain point, ne doit plus penser à s'agrandir, parceque le système de l'équilibre a presque fixé à chaque puissance son coin. Je conviens que l'ambition de Louis XIV. faillit

coûter cher à la France, et je sais l'inquiétude que la mienne m'a donnée, mais je sais aussi que la France, dans ses plus grands malheurs donna une Couronne et conserva les Provinces qu'elle avait conquises, et vous venez de voir qu'au milieu de la tempête furieuse qui me menaçait, je n'ai rien perdu, ainsi tout dépend de la circonstance et du courage de celui qui prend. Vous ne sçauriez croire, en outre, combien il est important à un Roi et à un État de s'écarter souvent des routes ordinaires, et ce n'est que par le merveilleux qu'on en impose et qu'on se fait un nom.

L'équilibre est un mot qui a subjugué le monde entier, parcequ'on croyait qu'il assurait une possession constante, mais, dans le vrai, ce n'est qu'un mot, car l'Europe est une famille où il y a trop de mauvais frêres et de mauvais parens ; je dis plus, c'est en méprisant ce système que l'on va au Grand. Voyez les Anglais, ils ont enchainé la Mer, ce fier élément n'ose plus porter de vaisseaux qu'avec leur permission.

Il résulte de tout ceci qu'il faut toujours tenter, et être bien persuadé que tout vous convient, mais il faut seulement prendre garde de ne pas affecter avec trop de vanité ses prétentions : Et surtout nourissez deux ou trois Eloquents à vôtre cour, et laissez leur le soin de vous justifier.

Deuxième Principe.

S'allier pour son avantage, est une maxime d'État, et il n'y a pas de Puissance qui soit autorisée à la négliger. Delà suit cette conséquence, qu'il faut rompre son alliance, dès qu'elle nous devient préjudiciable.

Dans une premiére guerre avec la Reine, j'abandonnai les francais à Prague, parceque je gagnais a ce marché la Silésie, quand je les aurais conduits jusqu'à Paris, ils ne m'en auraient jamais donné autant; quelques années après je renouai avec eux, parceque j'avais envie de tenter la conquête de la Bohéme, et que je voulais me ménager cette Puissance pour le besoin. J'ai negligé depuis cette nation, pour m'approcher de celle qui me donnait le plus. Quand la Prusse aura fait sa fortune, elle pourra se donner un air de bonne foi et de constance qui ne convient tout au plus qu'aux grands Etats ou aux Petits Souverains, je vous ai dit que, qui dit politique dit quelque coquinerie, et cela est vrai, cependant vous trouverez des gens de bonne foi qui se sont fait certain système de probité. Ainsi vous pouvez vous hasarder avec vos Ambassadeurs. J'en ai trouvé qui m'ont servi sur les deux toits, et qui, pour découvrir un mystère, auraient fouillé à la

pôche d'un Roi, attachez vous surtout à ceux qui ont le talent de s'exprimer en terms vagues, ou en phrases touchés et renversés, vous ne ferez pas mal même d'avoir des Chirurgiens où des Médecins politiques ; ils pourront quelque fois vous être de quelqu'utilité, je connais par expérience, les avantages qu'on peût en tirer.

Troisième Principe.

Se faire craindre et respecter de ses voisins, c'est le comble de la Grande Politique, l'on peût parvenir à ce but par deux moyens, le Premier, c'est d'avoir une force réelle et des ressources véritables, le second, c'est de savoir bien employer ce que l'on a ; nous ne sommes pas dans ce premier cas, voilà pourquoi je n'ai rien négligé pour être dans le second, il y a des Puissances qui s'imaginent qu'une embassade doit se faire avec le plus grand éclat, M. de Richelieu, a Vienne, ne servit qu'à donner du travers aux français, parceque les Autrichiens crûrent toute la nation aussi musquée qui celui qui la resprésentait. Pour moi je soutiens que c'est plus dans la façon noble dont un Ambassadeur fait parler son mâitre que dans l'étalage de quelques équipages, qu'on trouve de la considération ; et c'est pour cela que je ne veux plus des Ambassadeurs, mais bien des envoyés. D'ailleurs, le premier poste

est trop difficile à remplir, parcequ'il faut un homme de très grande considération, très riche, et qui entende parfaitement la Politique ; au lieu que pour celui d'Envoyé, ce dernier avantage suffit. En adoptant ce système, vous épargnerez, chaque année des sommes considérables, et vous n'en ferez pas moins vos affaires, il y a cependant des occasions, mon cher neveu, où il faut être représenté avec magnificence comme lorsqu'il est question de rompre avec une cour, de faire une alliance avec une Puissance mais ces Embassades doivent toujours être regardées comme extraordinaires.

Pour en imposer à vos voisins, jettez dans vos actions le plus d'éclat que vous pourrez, et surtout que personne n'écrive dans votre Royaume, que pour louer ce que vous ferez ; ne demandez jamais faiblement, paraissez toujours exiger ; si on vous manque, réservez votre vengeance jusqu'au moment où vous puissiez avoir une satisfaction complette, et surtout ne craignez pas les réprisailles, votre Gloire n'en souffrira pas, tant pis pour vos sujets sur qui cela tombera, mais voici le vrai point, il faut que tous vos sujets soient persuadés que vous ne doutez de rien, et que rien ne peût vous étonner ; tâchez surtout de passer dans leur esprit pour une tête dangereuse qui ne connaît d'autre principe que celui qui conduit à la gloire, faites aussi en sorte qu'ils

soient bien convaincus que vous aimeriez mieux perdre deux Royaumes que de ne pas jouer un rôle dans la postérité, comme ces sentiments demandent une âme peu commune, ils frappent et étourdissent la plupart des hommes, et c'est au vrai ce qui constitue dans le monde le grand Monarque. Quand un étranger viendra a votre cour, comblez le d'honnêtetes, et surtout tâchez de l'avoir toujours auprès de vous, c'est le moyen sûr de lui câcher les vues de votre gouvernement ; si c'est un militaire, faites manœuvrer devant lui le Régiment des Gardes, et que ce soit vous qui le commandiez ; si c'est un bel esprit qui ait composé un ouvrage, qu'il l'apperçoive sur vôtre table, si c'est un commerçant écoutez le avec bonté, caressez le, et tâchez de le fixer chez vous.

SIXIÈME MATINÉE.

Du Militaire.

Un auteur célébre a comparé le militaire a des Dogues qu'il fallait enchaîner avec soin, et qu'on ne devait lâcher qu'au besoin, cette comparaison est outrée, malgre cela, elle doit vous servir, non pas de maxime, mais d'avertissement.

Vous avez dû connaître, dans les deux campagnes que vous avez faites avec moi, l'esprit de l'officier et du Soldat, et vous avez dû apperceyoir qu'en

general, c'était de véritables machines qui n'ont d'autre mouvement que celui qu'on leur donne, on persuade à ces troupes qu'elles sont supérieures a celles qu'on leur oppose ; un rien leur fait croire qu'elles sont plus faibles ; ce sont cependant ces riens qui font la gloire du général où son deshonneur.

Ainsi appliquez vous à bien connaître les causes qui les produisent, je dis plus, ce sont ces riens qui forment l'enthousiasme, et si une fois on parvient à le donner à son armée, on peût compter sur la victoire ; je ne rappelle pas ici ce qu'on vous a fait remarquer dans les histoires, mais souvenez-vous seulement des Russes, et vous avouerez qu'il n'y a que des bêtes enthousiasmées qui puissent se faire assommer comme eux.

Mon Royaume, par sa nature, est militaire, et, ce n'est, à proprement parler, que par son secours, que vous devez espérer de vous soutenir, et de vous agrandir, il faut donc que vos yeux soient toujours fixés sur cette partie ; mais il faut bien prendre garde que le militaire ne s'appercoive qu'il fait votre unique ressource. Quand je pris les rênes du Gouvernement, j'examinai à fond cette partie, je la corrigeai, mais ce ne fût qu'avec beaucoup de peine que je vins à bout de mon dessein, car l'officier ne se plie pas facilement aux nouveaux réglemens, et

surtout quand ils regardent son intérêt personel ; vous en jugerez par ces deux traits.

Les Capitaines avaient chacun un Canton pour recruter ; chaque enfant mâle qui naissait était, de droit, son soldat, et dès le berceau il était enrégistré ! il est vrai que le Père pouvait le racheter, mais si ce Capitaine venait à mourir, le rachat etait nul, et l'enfant devenait encore, de droit, son soldat. Vous sentez bien quelle autorité ce Capitaine exerçait sur ce malheureux Canton ; il en devenait le Tiran, aussi, du vivant de mon Père, en avais-je été plusieurs fois offensé, et aussitôt que je fus le maître, je résolus de faire cesser une pareille oppression, il fallait cependant ne pas brusquer les vieux militaires qui ne connaissent que leur routine, et surtout lorsqu'elle leur est avantageuse.

Je ramassai donc des preuves, et j'en eûs bientôt plus-qu'il ne m'en fallait, l'on me démontra entr'autres que le Capitaine Colan du Régiment d'Opo, infanterie, avait tiré de son Canton, dans dix ans, plus de Cinquante mille écus, et l'on me fit voir, en général qu'il n'y avait pas de Capitaine qui ne se fit un revenu de deux mille écus, du pays qui lui était affecté, je réformai donc cet abus, mais croyez vous que la plupart de mes officiers généraux voulurent me prouver que c'était un grand avantage pour moi, parce que par là, on était plus sûr de manier un

Soldat comme on le voulait, et que, dès son enfance on en connaissait le caractère et enfin mille autres bêtises pareilles ; croyez vous aussi que malgré les ordres les plus absolus il y eût des Majors qui allérent toujours leur train, et que je fus obligé d'en casser deux ou trois qui ne voulurent pas se soumettre ?

Mon Père aimait à la folie les grandes hommes, adorait les Capitaines qui en avaient le plus, il suffisait qu'un soldat eût six pieds deux ou trois pouces, pour que tout lui fût permis, et un Capitaine qui en avait vingt de cette taille était sûr d'avoir les bonnes graces du Roi, de là naissait une discipline lâche, très variable, et un service de parade.

Comme je n'étais pas du même goût, je ne fis aucune exception ; je voulus qu'on punit le grand, comme le petit et je ne parus faire cas que du bon soldat et non de la taille. Cette conduite déplut fort à mes officiers, autant qu'à mes Géants. Les premiers fûrent alarmés de la désertion qui, à la vérite, fut d'abord considérable, parceque les grands statues n'étaient pas respectées, ils eûrent même l'effronterie de me dire qu'un homme de six pieds deux ou trois pouces méritait des égards, et ne devait pas être discipliné comme un homme ordinaire, je leur en demandai la raison, ils ne scurent que me repondre, au moyen de quoi le différend cessa bientôt.

Vous pouvez voir, par ces deux examples, combien l'intérêt particulier l'importe sur le bien général, et en même temps l'attention qu'il faut faire aux représentations du militaire, quand on touche à leur revenant-bon.

Il faut bien prendre garde, mon cher neveu, de ne pas confondre le mot de discipline, c'est un mot qui ne peut tirer sa signification que de l'esprit des facultés, et de la situation de l'État où on l'emploie. C'est, à dire que chaque État doit avoir sa discipline à lui propre et affectée, et c'est une folie que de vouloir adopter celle de son voisin, je vais vous faire comprendre ceci par ma propre position.

Un réglement très sage fait par mon Père, a formé nôtre discipline moderne ; écoutez bien ceci, suivant ce réglement chaque Capitaine est obligé d'avoir deux tiers d'étrangers dans sa Compagnie, or pour tâcher de rendre ces étrangers un peu Citoyens, et, en même temps adoucir leur sort, qui est réellement malheureux, puisqu'ils n'ont pas l'espérance de le voir finir, nous avons crû qu'il fallait laisser à ces misérables cet air de liberté et d'autorité qu'ils aiment à prendre sur le reste des homme ; et en conséquence, on ne fait pas grande attention à tous les petits tours de passe qu'ils font dans les Garnisons, nous leur laissons sur cela une espèce d'indépendence qui les endort dans leur malheur ;

ils se croyent quelque chose, et cette idée seule les garantit du désespoir.

Cette discipline ne s'accorde pas mal avec mes sujets qui sont soldats ; par ce moyen ils se font une idée avantageuse du métier, et peu à peu ils s'accoutument a le regarder comme une profession.

On croit que la discipline seule constitue le soldat, on se trompe, c'est plutôt le ton qu'on lui donne, je l'ai éprouvé dans mes dernières guerres où je n'en avais pas de vieux. L'armée de l'Empire et celle des Suédois me complettait tous les jours; cependant ces gens là n'avaient pas plutôt mon habit, qu'ils étaient Prussiens, et à la première occasion on ne les reconnaissait qu'à leur valeur singulière ; la discipline est subordonnée même a ces circonstances, elle ne saurait être bonne, si cela est toujours égal.

Quand je commençai la guerre, mes troupes me reconnaissaient, la plupart de mes soldats m'aimaient, parceque je les payais, les nourissais et les entretenais bien ; aussi étais-je sévère, je voulais que mes ordres fussent exécutés à la dernière rigueur, et je ne leur passais rien, surtout sous les armes.

Apres deux Campagnes je changeai cette sévérité en douceur, je n'avais plus que des déserteurs pour soldats, je ne pouvais ni les bien nourrir, ni les bien entretenir, et il fallait que je les payasse en

mauvais argent, je crus que je devais me les attacher par quelque endroit, pour cet effet, je cherchai à leur inspirer un air grivois, et je leur lâchai la main sur la maraude, je paraissais content quand ils importaient le toit d'une maison pour se chauffer, et je ne négligeais rien pour leur donner bonne opinion d'eux mêmes, je fermai les yeux sur beaucoup de petites négligences dans le service, et je ne punissais que tres légèrement, quand un Regiment s'écartait un peu trop, je l'envoyais en Saxe, et mon frere Henri, qui avait tout le secret, le mettait sur un bon pied, parceque son armée ne faisait qu'observer.

Votre principal objet, mon cher neveu, doit-être de former de bons officiers, et de bons généraux, ainsi, vous devez vous faire un plan de discipline et encore plus de conduite avec eux. Pour moi, voici, jusqu'a présent ce que j'ai fait.

En temps de paix, comme en temps de Guerre, j'entre jusqu'aux plus petits détails avec eux ; chaque officier croit être connu de moi, et il n'y a pas de général avec qui je ne sois en relation ; quoiqu'ils jouent le premier rôle dans mes États, il n'en sont cependant que les premiers Esclaves. Un officier et un Général ne peuvent quitter qu'avec un bon congé ; et si l'un ou l'autre quittait sans ma permission, je suis en droit de le faire pendre ; au moyen de quoi quand j'ai un bon sujet, je le garde toujours.

Les officiers les plus heureux ont trois ans de misère, et de honte à souffrir ; de misère, parcequ'ils n'ont que des appointemens très faibles, et de honte parceque la subordination est terrible. Pour les dédommager, je leur fais un sort très honnête quand ils viennent aux grades supérieurs mais ils n'ont aucune retraite ; je n'ai pas même nommé, depuis cette guerre aux commandemens, aux Gouvernemens des Provinces, et aux Etats Majors qui ont vaqué.

Pour donner de l'ambition à mes officiers, je donne de l'éclat a leurs belles actions, a l'affaire de Rosbach, j'embrassai un Major de Cavalerie au milieu de l'action, et je le fis sur le champ officier de vrai mérite. Au siège de Dresde, j'envoyai mon carosse au Lieutenant des Gardes qui avait été blessé après avoir attaqué quatre fois de suite le même ouvrage, et je lui donnai une Compagnie.

Pour leur inspirer du mépris pour la mort, je fis la fameuse ode du General Keith, et je fis prêcher pendant toute la Guerre le libre avoitre. Tant que j'eûs de l'argent, je les payai bien, lorsque les espèces diminuérent, j'altérai la monnaie, mais je leur passai quelques petites fantaisies vis-à-vis de leurs hôtes, quand les temps devinrent plus durs, je leur laissai entrevoir ma misère, je les intéressai dans mes malheurs, je leur fis concevoir que la constance seule pouvait nous tirer d'embarras ; ils

ont été réellement très à plaindre dans les dernières Campagnes.

Je ne sais comment j'étais parvenu à les rendre de la plus grande exactitude dans le service, ceux qui étaient de vrais pillardes, et qui avaient un ton de la plus grande arrogance, il semblait que je leur avais inspiré une façon de penser faite pour les circonstances ; c'était des Arabes qui écrasaient le pays mais qui gagnaient des Batailles, le même esprit animait à peu près les officiers généraux, je fermais les yeux sur toutes les vexations qu'ils commettaient, ils travaillaient pour moi, en travaillant pour eux, au moyen de quoi, il fallait bien que nous vécussions ensemble. Tout le monde me disait que le Major Keller, commandant a Leipsik, s'enrichissait, je le savais bien ; mais on ignorait qu'il me valait des Millions chaque année.

Comme on s'accoûtume peu à peu à ses aises, et que l'on connaît de plus en plus le besoin de vivre, j'avais des officiers généraux qui n'étaient pas trop curieux de chercher la gloire au milieu de la mêlée, je les connus bientôt ; je m'expliquai, en general sur la nécessité de s'y bien montrer et d'affronter les plus grands périls ; je prêchai d'example, et je fis deux ou trois corrections. Dès ce moment tout le monde fut Intrépide.

Quand vous commandez, ne vous laissez point

pénétrer par vos Généraux ; donnez vous toujours un air de supériorite sur le métier des armes ; attribuez leur toujours le malheur d'une journée, où la malheureuse issue d'une entreprise, vous avez vû comme j'ai puni Le Klzet et Finck pour s'être rendus a Maxin, Zartroit pour s'être rendu a Schnudnitz, et Roulé pour avoir counseillé de rendre la Citadelle de Gratz, dans le fait, ce n'était pas leur faute mais bien la mienne.

Vous n'êtes pas, mon cher neveu, dans la position d'exercer une discipline bien rigoureuse, et vous devez nécessairement éviter de répandre le joug ; l'espèce des hommes est rare dans vos États, et les Etrangers vous coûtent trop cher pour les prendre, ainsi ne touchez pas à la façon dont on rend la justice dans vos Régiments ; mais faites mourir très rarement. Que vos chirurgiens même conservent les Principes que je leur ai donnés sur les Bras et les Jambes de vos Soldats et de vos officiers. Ne demandez à l'officier subalterne qu'une bonne routine, parceque vous n'avez pas besoin qu'il en Sache d'avantage ; mais exigez de l'officier supérieur du Génie et de la Théorie, et surtout attachez vous à ne pas confondre les détails avec les grands principes ; faites surtout une grande différence d'un bon Maréchal des Logis avec un grand Général, parcequ'on peût-être l'un sans l'autre.

Je viens de vous développer ma façon de penser sur les soldats et sur les officiers subalternes ; il est question présentement de vous mettre sous les yeux la conduite que j'ai tenu dans les dernières Campagnes.

Quand je vis que la France, la Reine de Hongrie, la Russie, étaient contre moi, je pris mon parti, j'abandonnai la moitié de mes États pour me concentrer et pour me mettre en état de faire une invasion en Saxe. Tout le monde attribua cette manœuvre à une fine Politique ; elle était cependant nécessaire, parceque je n'en aurais pas moins perdu tous mes Pays, et j'aurais été écrasé en les défendant.

Avant de commencer la guerre, je m'étais fait un système que je n'ai jamais abandonné, j'ai conservé avec la plus grande opiniâtreté toujours une pièce en Saxe ; et l'on a eû beau me prendre de tous côtés, je n'ai jamais voulû quitter ce pays, bien m'en a voulu ; car j'aurais été perdu sans ressource.

Je sçais bien qu'on trouve extraordinaire que Berlin ait contribué deux fois, et que toutes les Villes de mon Royaume, à l'exception de cinq ou six, aient été prises ; mais on me les a rendues pour me faire sortir de la Saxe.

Si on consultait a présent mes sujets, je crois bien que l'on trouverait que l'enthousiasme est

un peu passé ; je suis même persuadé qu'ils ont depuis, calculé toutes les obligations d'un Roi envers ses sujets.

J'avais fait la dernière guerre comme un écolier, le marechal d'Anbalt et de Schewerin donnaient les batailles, et je ne faisais que figurer. Dans celle ci, mon amour propre a voulu jouer le premier rôle, j'avais besion du Marcéhal Schewerin je sentais qu'il m'était necessaire mais j'étais jaloux de sa Gloire ; et s'il n'avait pas ete tué, il est sûr que j'aurais été ingrat.

On me fait, mon cher neveu, un peu plus d'honneur que je ne mérite, car depuis sa mort, j'ai fait plusieurs folies, j'ai perdû la bataille de Kollin et levé le siege de Prague bien gratuitement, Je fis une fausse opération quand j'arrivai en Moravie, et le Marechal Daun, comme un bon General, avait répondu d'Olmutz avant de partir de Vienne.

A Maxin, je perdis quinze Mille hommes par entêtement et par ignorance, parceque je ne vis pas que le Maréchal Daun avait fait marcher de son Armée.

Le Général Laudon profita d'un faux mouvement que je fis pour me prendre en flanc à Schweidnitz, je laissai écraser le pauvre Fouquet devant Glatz.

J'aurais perdu la bataille de Torgau, si le

Maréchal Daun n'avait pas été blessé ; et les Russes, m'ont battû trois fois contre une, je n'ai jamais pû reprendre Dresde, et j'ai été 59 jours de Tranchée ouverte devant Schweidnitz.

Malgre cela je suis général, et l'on ne saurait me disputer de grandes qualités, si j'ai perdu des batailles, j'en ai gagné, j'ai fait des retraites qui m'ont fait un honneur infini ; j'ai trouve des expédiens admirables pour me tirer des plus cruels embarras.

Mais, mon cher neveu, ce qui m'a sauvé, c'ést mon désespoir et mon amour propre, j'ai mieux aimé être enseveli sous les ruines de mon Royaume que de céder, et c'est mon opiniatreté qui a fatigué tout le monde, on peut tenter cela une fois mais quand on est sage, on ne s'y expose pas deux.

A présent que je suis de sang froid, je vois toute ma gloire évanouir en fumée, j'ai fait du bruit, mais qu'ai-je gagné ? Rien : au contraire j'ai perdû beaucoup puisque l'Election du Roi des Romains a eû lieu ; vous savez le projet de nôtre maison ; et je vous avoue que je mourrai avec douleur, si je ne fais pas passer l'Empire à quelque Prince Protestant.

Mais ce qui m'afflige le plus, c'est le tableau des affaires de mon État, quand je compare la situation de mon Royaume en 56, avec celle de aujourdhui, je suis confondu, il faut que je la mette sous vos

yeux, afin que d'avance, vous preniez la résolution de tout sacrifier pour la rétablir.

Depuis 56, j'ai perdû par les armes plus de trois cent mille hommes ; la population est d'un grand tiers moins forte, l'espèce des chevaux et des autres animaux est diminuée de plus de moitié, les tresors de mon Père sont mangés et ma monnoie est plus faible d'un dixième. Toutes les Provinces payent deux fois plus que en 56, par les intérêts de l'argent qu'elles ont été obligés d'emprunter pour les contributions dont il m'est impossible de leur tenir compte, je n'ai plus que un commerce intérieur, parce que mon argent perd trop avec l'étranger, et la banqueroute de M. Donenville m'a fait perdre tout mon crédit.

La plupart de mes magasins sont vides, mon artillerie est très mauvaise, et j'ai fort peu de munitions de guerre, c'est aussi ce qui m'a déterminé à démolir beaucoup de fortifications ; car je n'étais point en état de mettre toutes les Places que j'avais abandonnées en état de défence. D'ailleurs dans ce moment, si je venais à avoir la guerre, il me serait absolument impossible de les garder.

Vous voyez par là que vous n'avez plus qu'un pas à faire pour être ruiné, ce serait d'entreprendre une nouvelle guerre, car quelque glorieuse qu'elle pêut-être, pour vous, elle vous écraserait.

La seule façon de rétablir vos affaires, c'est de vous conserver l'alliance de l'Angleterre, de vous faire payer de forts subsides pour tenir la Campagne, et vous tenir chez vous, autant que vous le pourrez, il ne sérait question de faire une guerre offensive, vous ne seriez plus en état de reassembler de grosses Armées, parce que vous ne sçauriez les approvisionner, ni en munitions de bouche, ni en munitions de guerre, ce ne serait donc qu'à la derniere extremité que vous devriez marcher.

Dans quelque situation vous trouveriez vous, si États étaient en proie encore une fois a l'ennemi ? Comment payeraient-ils par la suite, les intérêts des contributions qu'ils auraient empruntées ? Jusqu'a quel point votre population ne souffrirait elle pas, et j'usqu'ou n'irait pas la disette des Bestiaux ? Pour moi je ne résiste pas aux idées tristes que ce tableau me présente, je sçai la reputation que j'ai dans toute l'Europe, d'aimer la Guerre, et j'avoue qu'elle est ma passion, mais j'en connais tous les désastres, et je me rends à l'évidence, il ne m'est pas possible de la faire, parceque je risquerais la ruine entière de mes Etats, je fais le méchant, mais c'est pour en imposer.

On n'est pas heureux deux fois, où pour mieux dire, la fortune devient avare quand on exige trop, elle ne serait certainement pas assez généreuse pour

tirer une seconde fois nôtre maison du précipice où elle s'est trouvée en 57 et en 61.

En 57, dans le mois d'Octobre, les Français étaient aux Portes de Magdebourg ; les Autrichiens avaient Schweidnitz et Breslaw, les Russes avaient toute la Prusse, une partie de Brandebourgh, les Suédois toute la Poméranie presque. Berlin avait contribué et tous mes alliés étaient prisonniers.

Rosback me remit au bord du precipice, et l'affaire de Breslau m'en éloigna pour un an.

En 58, les Russes êurent entre leur mains mon Royaume pendant trois jours, si j'avais malheureusement cédé, j'étais perdu sans resource.

À la fin de 61, dans le mois de Novembre, Colberg pris, les russes étaient les maîtres de venir à Berlin, les autrichens, en possédant Schweidnitz et Glatz, pouvaient disposer de la Silesie, les français en occupant la Hesse me resserraient du coté de la franconie ; et le Maréchal Daun avait plus de la moitié de la Saxe, à peine avais-je de la place pour mettre mes troupes en quartier, ajoutez à cette situation le défaut d'argent et d'habillement pour les Troupes, et, qui pis est, le défaut de subsistances. Dans ce moment de crise, l'Impératrice de Russie vint a mourir ; quand ce serait moi qui lui aurais fait peur, cela ne pouvait arriver plus à propos.

A la Paix, je fis, comme tout le monde, des réformes, mais je ne suivis pas le rang d'ancienneté, je renvoyai tous les officiers que je soupçonnais d'etre mauvais, je vous ai deja dit je leur avais passé beaucoup de choses en campagne, mais j'avais mis sur mes Tablettes toutes leurs mauvaises actions, et quand je n'en eûs plus besoin, je leur fis un crime de ce que j'avais paru trâiter de petites misères.

Voilà a peu près ma façon de penser sur le militaire, et la conduite que j'ai tenu avec lui ; parlons prèsentement un peu de faire subsister les armées.

Les subsistances sont si licis, ou, pour mieux dire si necessaires a une armée, qu'il est impossible que l'une existe sans l'autre, mais la grande question est de savoir jusqu'à quel point on doit s'en occuper.

Après avoir bien réfléchi sur ces objets, je me suis fait le système que voici.

J'ai accoutumé mes Soldats, peu à peu à manquer de pain, de viande et d'eau de vie, je leur ai laissé prendre leur subsistance chez le paysan, et je n'ai fait des Etablissemens, que lorsque je n'ai pu faire autrement, comme tout était en régie toute l'épargne était à mon profit, quand un Régiment arrivait dans une ville, les Bourgeois, obligés de les nourrir pendant quelques jours de suite, je partageais cet avantage avec

mes Soldats ; je leur donnais trois sols, et j'en retenai deux pour le pain qu'ils avaient dû prendre dans mes magasins.

Lorsqu'une armée marchait, et qu'elle avait manqué de pain un jour, c'était autant de profit pour moi. Par cet arrangement, je gagnois non seulement quelque fois six semaines de subsistance dans un an ; mais je pouvais encore hazarder des marches forcées ; parceque je ne craignais pas que le défaut du pain pour un où deux jours fit murmurer l'armée.

Quand on monte les subsistances sur un certain ton, on ne peût faire un pas que très difficilement, parceque avant de se remuer, il faut penser à vivre ; au lieu que quand elles sont sur un bon pied, le soldat devient lui même soigneux ; il ne mange tout ce qu'il a que lorsqu'il est bien assuré d'être nouvellement pourvû, et, par ce moyen, le général est beaucoup moins gêné dans ces opérations, je n'aurais jamais pû faire les marches forcées que j'ai faites, si je n'avais pas donné au hazard un ou deux jours de subsistance, et si mes soldats n'avaient pas été persuadés qu'on peût manquer de pain et de viande.

Vous ne sçauriez croire, mon cher neveu, l'avantage que l'on a lorsque une armée s'accoutume à cette incertitude, il ne faut pas que le

général en abuse, mais il faut en profiter dans ces circonstances qui sont decisives.

En ne songeant sérieusement que dans les cas nécessaires à la subsistance du Soldat, on ôte à cette partie cet air d'importance qui fait qu'elle devient si chère, je ne dis pas cependant, mon cher Neveu, que vous ne devez pas regarder cet objet comme un des plus essentiels, mais il faut sçavoir profiter du moment pour le traiter avec une espèce d'indifférence.

Je ne vous parle pas du Génie, ni de l'artillerie parceque malheureusement ces deux parties sont encore en enfance chez nous, nous n'avons pas assez de ressources pour les mettre sur un bon pied, vous ne pouvez pas sous quelque prétexte que ce soit, vous dispenser de vous mettre à la tête des troupes, parceque les deux tiers de vos Soldats ne sçauraient être animés par d'autres motifs que celui de votre présence.

Comme votre situation ne vous permet pas d'avoir une armée bien pourvue, vous devez être présent pour profiter de tout. C'est d'après ce principe, qu'aussitôt que je suis entré dans un Pays, je le traitais en conquérant; J'ai fait des courses dans la franconie et du Cote de Newberg; dans les contributions je prenais souvent, au lieu d'argent, du Drap, des Souliers; du cuir de la

farine, jusqu'à des Poix et des Fêves. Tout est bon, mon cher neveu, quand on sait en faire usage, il ne faut pas se faire une illusion sur le passé; les événemens m'ont rendu plus grand que mes talens et mes forces.

Les fautes des français ont commencé ma Gloire, l'intérêt des Généraux Russes l'a soutenue pendant quelque temps, et la division des Généraux Autrichiens l'a nourrie jusqu'à la fin. Quand on est heureux, les Armes qu'on nous oppose tournent à nôtre profit, sans l'armée de l'Empire et de Suede, je n'aurais jamais pû montrer la mienne; c'était une véritable ressource pour moi, j'avais jetté un si grand ridicule sur ces deux espèces d'hommes, que les Soldats qui avaient un peu de cœur, se croyaient deshonorés d'y servir.

Copied from the original manuscript found in the Library at Sans Souci, by the Duc de Rovigo, and now in his possession.

(Signed) C. WHITTALL, JR.

SMYRNA, *July* 4, 1816.

NOTE.—I have done my best to give a literal copy of my grandfather's manuscript copy taken in 1816. I am conscious that there are numerous errors of spelling and of style. Whether these errors were made by my grandfather in copying or whether they were made by Frederick the Great in his original manuscript I cannot say. As my grandfather was very accurate, it is fair to presume that most of the errors were Frederick the Great's.—J. W. W.

PART IV.

FAMILY REMINISCENCES.

As stated in my introduction to the "Matinées of Frederick the Great," my grandfather, the late Charlton Whittall, of Smyrna, was the first of his name to settle in the Levant as member of the Levant Company in the early part of the nineteenth century. His ancestors were a family of yeomen of the county of Worcestershire, who lived on their own estate. They evidently had a predilection for the navy, for his great-uncle, Benjamin Whittall, was a midshipman under Captain G. B. Rodney, H.M.S. *Dublin*, in 1757, and was killed whilst gallantly engaged in an assault on the Moor's Castle at the Havana in 1762. I have his certificates signed by G. B. Rodney (afterwards Lord Rodney) and I. Phillips.

My grandfather's father was also in H.M.'s navy, and he too served under Lord Rodney after he had become Admiral, and he took part in the famous battle off Dominique in the West Indies as, apparently,

signal-lieutenant on the Admiral's ship; for I have his pocket-book, giving a long and interesting account of this battle, which lasted over three days, with a detailed statement of all the signals used by Lord Rodney from the 8th April, 1782, when the French fleet was first perceived, to the 12th April, when the battle ceased with the surrender of many of the French ships, including the famous *Ville de Paris*, and the dispersal of the remainder.

On the death of his father, my great-grandfather left the navy and settled on his estate, which it did not take him many years to run through in racing. He won the Chester cup, but lost his patrimony, and was reduced to the utmost poverty. Whilst he was at Worcester he assisted at the exhuming of the body of King John, who was buried in the cathedral there, and whose bones were evidently treated with very little consideration, for my great-grandfather got the thumb for his share, which he set in a snuff-box.

On his family becoming poor, my grandfather entered the commercial career, and was sent by his chief to Smyrna to look after his interests there. He arrived there in a schooner, which had an exciting adventure with pirates off the island of Milo. The captain had been telling him of a famous Greek pirate who was in command of a fast brigantine,

and who, after boarding and plundering his prizes, always sank them, and their crews with them. One morning my grandfather was awoke with the startling news that the brigantine was pursuing and outsailing them. The captain consulted with him, and it was decided to bluff the pirate as the only chance of salvation. The schooner, as usual in those days, was painted like a man-of-war. She had twelve port-holes for guns, but had only one real gun, the rest being imitations in wood. She also had a lot of cast-off military uniforms on board, which were filled up with straw and made to do duty as marines on the deck. The guns, too, were placed in position, and suddenly the schooner tacked and sailed on the brigantine, firing her solitary gun as if to try the range. The pirate, believing that he had to do with a real man-of-war, tacked back too. The schooner pretended to pursue him for some distance, and then, as it became dark, changed her course and escaped. When my grandfather reached Smyrna he found the place so devastated by plague that the grass was growing in the streets of the city, for everybody in the European quarters had fled into the country to escape the contagion. He gave me awful accounts of the ravages of the disease. I myself, some fifty years ago, remember passing through two towns in the interior of Asia Minor,

one of which had been left without a single living inhabitant, and the other, Pergamos, of which a whole quarter of stone-built, roofless, and uninhabited houses were standing in several streets, all the occupants having been destroyed years before by the plague.

My grandfather, therefore, had to take refuge in the country, and engaged rooms in a large house in the village of Bournabat belonging to a Venetian lady, the widow of the French Royalist already referred to in my prologue to the "Matinées." This widow had an only daughter, whom my grandfather married. The family papers both of the Venetian and the French families became my grandmother's property at her mother's death, were left by her to my father, who in his turn, when he died, about twenty years ago, left them to me as the eldest son. These multitudinous documents were, unfortunately, packed in big wooden boxes, and left in a granary for nearly a hundred years. Mice bored their way through the wood, cut up the papers and parchments into bits for their nests, and very few were left intact, which was a misfortune, for many of them dated from the remote twelfth century, and contained references to historical events in those days of great interest.

The history of the Venetian family, which after

it became Venetian in the fifteenth century was styled Cortazzi, but Cortacci (Κορτάκκη) when it was Byzantine, is given succinctly in an official document, drawn up at the end of the eighteenth century, before a Russian Consul-General, to whom all the documents were exhibited, for the purpose of establishing a claim to aristocratic birth of a descendant of the family, who had settled in Russia. I give this document *verbatim* in an English translation, and I trust it will prove interesting, as showing the vicissitudes of families in those days.

I shall not give the whole of the preamble of this document. It is very long, and merely states that the chief of the Cortazzi family, on the requisition of his brother, settled in the territory of the glorious empire of Russia, presented sixty-six documents and acts duly sealed, signed, and authentic, some in Greek, some in Latin, and some in Italian, emanating from the empire of Constantinople, the kingdoms of Candia and Morea, the Doges and Dukes of Venice, the Admirals of the Republic of Venice and its Conseil des Sages, which documents having been duly examined, the following *résumé* of the Cortazzi family history was established and attested by the Consul-General :—

"In the year 1182, Alexis Comnenos, Emperor, sent to Candia his son Isaac as Viceroy, with

101 galleys, of which twelve were commanded by twelve Constantinopolitan princes with their families, forming a total of ninety persons. These princes were sent by the Emperor to govern Crete after the submission of its rebellious people. On the happy arrival of the expedition and its landing on the shores of Crete, the Prince Isaac ordered the galleys to be burnt, which measure had its effect on the indocile Cretans, who, struck by the determination of Isaac Comnenos, submitted on the spot, and abandoned the peaceable possession of the island to the twelve Constantinopolitan princes, of whom one was Cortazzi. Isaac Comnenos having then divided the kingdom of Candia into twelve fiefs between the twelve princes, left them the command and the direction of the kingdom, and returned to Constantinople on the order of his father, who, being old, wanted to have him near him. He left Crete in 1185, but before returning to Constantinople he visited Mount Sinai, Mount Athos, and Jerusalem, where he left rich presents.

"Isaac Comnenos having succeeded to the empire with his brother Andronico, they by a common agreement married their sister in 1186 to Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, and gave her as dower the kingdoms of Candia and Salonica; but as these places were distant from the seat of his abode, the

Marquis sold them in 1204 to the republic of Venice for the sum of 100,000 pauperi and 1000 silver marks, the said republic being at the time under the dogeate of Enrico Dandolo.

"In consequence of this purchase, the Venetians sent a fleet under the command of the noble Renier, premarin provediteur of the army, and with him a colony of noble Venetians and an army of infantry to take possession of the kingdom of Candia. But the twelve Cretan princes raised all the population in their own favour, and after many bloody battles completely destroyed the Venetian army and fleet. The Senate of Venice was constrained to send another expedition, which was similarly destroyed. The twelve Cretan princes, who had become very powerful, would not give up the power they had enjoyed for so many years.

"Finally, after fifty-eight years of fighting, the Senate of Venice, exercising the prudence which characterized it, proposed an arrangement, and offered to leave the twelve Cretan princes in possession of all their former privileges, provided they would accept the suzerainty of Venice. These conditions were accepted, and a treaty was signed in February, 1264, between the noble Marco Dandolo and the twelve princes, and ratified by a decree of

the Senate which confirmed to these princes the possession of Crete, divided into twelve fiefs, and accorded to them their cavalry and all the prerogatives and privileges enjoyed hitherto by them. This treaty was loyally respected, and the twelve princes remained in peaceable possession from 1264 to 1669, when, after twenty-four years of resistance, the island was conquered by the Ottomans. Most of the princes, including the Cortazzis, unable to bear the Ottoman yoke, abandoned all their possessions, and fled to Venice, the republic of which, in consideration of the long and memorable services of the Cortazzis, gave them large possessions and the command of an army in the Morea. They remained there several years, when there was another rupture with the Ottoman Porte, which sent an army and seized the Morea ; and the family of the Cortazzis, whose chief was killed fighting, was reduced to slavery, and dragged to Constantinople. The relatives in Venice, assisted by the Senate, ransomed them, and they then settled at Venice. After some years the Senate, as a recompense for their services, named the head of the family Consul-General, with his seat in Smyrna. This employment was filled from father to son till the republic of Venice, by the treaty of Campoformio, passed under the domination of Austria."

Here follows the attestation in due form of the Russian Consul-General of Smyrna.

It will be noticed that in this document reference is made to the family having been enslaved by the Turks and subsequently ransomed by the Senate of Venice. The story is a very curious one. The then head of the family was in command of the Venetian army, and was killed in fighting against the Turks. His widow was captured by them, but before her capture she managed to secrete her valuable jewels, consisting of diamonds, cameos, etc., within the baggy trousers women wore in those countries in those days. She was treated with distinction by her captors, and taken to Constantinople to be ransomed. At the date of her capture she was *enceinte*, and three days before the money for her ransom was paid by Venice she was delivered of a son, whom the Turks refused to allow her to take, saying that, as he was born in captivity, he was their property. The poor woman, loath to leave her only son in Turkish hands, pawned her jewels with a Genoese merchant in Galata, and ransomed her child. On her return to Venice she remitted the money advanced to her, and redeemed her jewels.

How extremely curious are the vicissitudes of families! Here am I, although an Englishman, a

representative of this old Byzantine Venetian family, settled by the chances of fortune in the twentieth century in a city which my ancestors left in the twelfth; and, what is perhaps even a more curious coincidence, I have by inheritance the very same jewels which, in the very same city, ransomed my ancestor some three hundred years before. There are still in my possession various interesting documents of the family, not the least curious of which are certain huge title-deeds, pictorially describing the properties of the family about four centuries back. They show how precisely all these things were regulated under the republic of Venice.

The last of the Cortazzis in the male line, my great-great-grandfather, and his wife, who was born at Capo d'Istria, both whose portraits indicate their extraordinary characters, were a remarkable couple. Her mother lost her right arm in battle, fighting by her husband's side in masculine attire, and she herself was masculine enough to have a man bastinadoed in her presence nearly to the point of death because he had insulted her. She and her husband between them had thirty-two children, of whom twenty-six were living at the same time. The small-pox broke out amongst them; many died of it, and finally the couple were only left with one daughter, my great-grandmother, who in her turn

was also a remarkable woman. She had a fall, broke her leg, and gangrene set in. It was necessary to tell her that death was rapidly approaching. Her private chaplain was asked to break the news to her, but, affected by the scene before him, hesitated and stammered, upon which the old lady turned upon him and said, "Man, what are you hesitating at? Tell me that I am dying, and have done with it." She then asked everybody to leave her room, attired herself with the aid of her maid in all her finery and jewellery, and after doing this ordered the doors to be opened and everybody to enter. She asked for the Holy Communion, before partaking of which she reproved the chaplain for attempting to administer it with the wrong hand. Having begged the forgiveness of all present, she took the Sacrament kneeling, then sinking on her chair, she exclaimed, "I shall now die," and she died forthwith.

My grandmother, the daughter of the preceding old lady, was as gentle and saintly a woman as ever lived, but nevertheless the spirit of her ancestresses broke out once at a critical moment. In those days the Roman Catholic clergy, unlike what they are now, were narrow-minded, ignorant, and illiberal. The fact of one of their flock having married a Protestant literally stuck in their throats, and

in all their relations with my grandmother the chief object of their lives seemed to be to get her to convert her husband and to confess that she had committed a grievous sin in uniting herself to one who could not possibly accompany her into Paradise. One of her confessors worried her more than the others, and one day at the confessional hinted that unless she confessed her sin he might be obliged to withhold absolution, which brought out this retort from my dear old grandmother: "If my husband can't go to heaven with me, I'll go to the other place with him, but I won't part from him." This shut them up after that, for they began to realize that they might go too far if they pressed her further in the matter.

Of the French Royalist family already referred to I shall now give some particulars which I hope may prove interesting. The only son, my great-grandfather, who was of the *petite noblesse* of France, was proscribed by Robespierre, and had to flee to escape death. Before escaping from France he placed his old father and his two maiden sisters in hiding at Antibes on the Riviera, then a small village, which was frequented by soldiers of the Republican army, then stationed in those parts. The two sisters, who, according to family tradition, were very handsome, could not

be restrained from seeing these soldiers, and finally one of them fell in love with a splendid-looking sergeant. Although her old father absolutely refused his consent to her marriage with him, she eloped with her lover, who afterwards became the famous Marshal Massena, Prince and Duke, and Wellington's most dreaded antagonist. Years after, when her family had sunk rather low in the world, and she herself had become a lady of European importance, the family considered the question of acknowledging her marriage—such was the absurd pride of even the smaller French aristocrats of those days! A *conseil de famille* was called, to which the relatives in Smyrna were invited, and it was at last solemnly decided that the Maréchale Massena, Princess and Duchess, should be reinstated in the graces of her decayed relatives, who then went a little further, and became ardent Buonapartists themselves.

Family tradition has it that Napoleon himself took a fancy to the other daughter, but her old father swore that he would have nothing more to do with the Republican *canaille*, and she, more dutiful than her sister, turned a deaf ear to his advances. I am in possession of letters showing that Madame Massena kept up very affectionate relations with her relatives in Smyrna. There are

other incidents connected with this family which I might relate, but I am afraid that they would not greatly interest the general reader, therefore I refrain. There is, however, one story so peculiar that I venture to give it. As already stated, my grandmother was a Roman Catholic, and she had at one time for father confessor an old Franciscan monk, who was curé of the diminutive wooden hut that served as chapel, which the few Catholics of the then insignificant village of Bournabat, near Smyrna, worshipped in. My grandfather was a sturdy Protestant, and would have nothing to do with priests; but one day he casually met the humble old monk, spoke to him, and was so struck by his refined manners, broad views, and knowledge of the world, that he asked him to dinner, and ever afterwards, until he left the country, the monk dined with him twice a week, and at each meal imbibed a bottle of old port to himself. Now, my grandmother had a cousin, called De Fourcade, who had been appointed French Consul in Smyrna by Napoleon's Government. When Napoleon was sent to Elba, his Bourbon successor to the French throne graciously confirmed De Fourcade in his post. Scarcely, however, had he got the news of his confirmation, when a ship arrived from which he learned that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, had

landed in France, and had been acclaimed by the population. What does De Fourcade do but, without waiting for official instructions, he at once calls the French colony together, and, amidst the firing of guns and noisy rejoicings, he ignominiously hauls the Bourbon flag down from the consular flag-staff, and hoists the tricolour. Not very long after this foolish demonstration, which created a sensation at the time, tidings were received of the battle of Waterloo having been fought and of Napoleon being on his way to St. Helena. De Fourcade soon learned from his Ambassador that he was suspended from his functions, and must go in a man-of-war to France to be tried. There was great consternation amongst the relatives, and the usual course of the French under the circumstances was resorted to, viz. a *conseil de famille* was called to discuss the best means of saving De Fourcade. The old monk happened to be present at the council, and when all the expedients for saving De Fourcade had been discussed, he was asked whether he, too, could not give some advice in the matter. He replied, "What can a poor old monk do? But still I shall give a letter under blank cover, which M. de Fourcade must promise that he shall not open till he has exhausted all other means." The promise was given, De Fourcade was put on board

a French vessel, and on arriving at Marseilles was sent in charge of gendarmes to Paris, where he was imprisoned. Having soon found that his case was a bad one, and that a severe sentence was imminent, he tore open the monk's envelope, and found the letter was addressed to the Prince de Polignac, then Minister under the Bourbons. He sent it on the same day, and within an hour was summoned to the presence of the prince. The prince actually embraced him for being, as he said, the means of revealing the existence of a long-lost leading member of the most noble family of the Polignacs, which the old monk was, and, in obedience to the request contained in the letter, De Fourcade was not only released, but sent back to Smyrna as Consul.

A very curious sequel to this story occurred in my presence. In the year 1853 I accompanied my grandfather to Malta. Whilst there we went to see the baked friars, as they were called, or, in other words, the mummies of the monks, standing or lying down in their monks' garments, with their faces exposed, in the vaults of a monastery—a ghastly sight. We stood before one of them whose features were well-preserved. My grandfather asked the attendant, "Can this be Padre Antonio?"—meaning his old friend the curé of Bournabat—and sure

enough, the attendant replied, "That is he," to my grandfather's great and natural emotion.

And now let me give two stories told by Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, to my grandfather, one of which is of historical importance, because it is the clue to what has been a great mystery hitherto, viz. the sudden dismissal by Napoleon, without apparent cause, of Fouché, Duke of Otranto, the world-renowned Minister of Police. This story was told by Savary when he was in hiding in my grandfather's and in imminent danger of his life, having been condemned to death by the Bourbons. It is reasonable to suppose that, under such peculiar circumstances, he could not have been amusing himself by deceiving his benefactor.

The story is given as follows by Savary: "One afternoon, I, being then attached to Napoleon as aide-de-camp, was ordered by him to disguise myself that very night as a campagnard, so that I should not be recognized, and to sneak out at 2 a.m., so that I should not be seen, and wait Napoleon's orders under a certain tree in the Tuileries gardens. I carried out my instructions to the letter, and I would have challenged *le diable même* to recognize me. On my reaching the tree, I found under it Napoleon himself, whom I only recognized by his voice, and who told me to follow him, which I did

through certain streets over a certain bridge into some of the lowest quarters of Paris. Hearing the sound of singing, we approached a cabaret, or tavern, where certain fellows were singing the 'Carmagnole,' a red Republican song, forbidden by Napoleon. He stood before the door of the cabaret and looked in. I went to the back under the window, and adjusted my clothes. I then rejoined the Emperor, and we walked back before dawn to the Tuileries over a certain bridge and through certain streets, taking care to be as little seen as possible. That day Napoleon sent for Fouché, and apostrophized him thus, 'How is it, Fouché, that I hear they sing the "Carmagnole" within cannon-shot of my palace?' Fouché never lost his countenance, but said gravely, 'Sire, this morning, at 2 a.m., a man'—describing me and my costume—'joined another man'—describing the Emperor and his costume—'under a certain tree in the Tuileries gardens, and, crossing through such and such streets and over such a bridge, stood before a cabaret. The little man stood at the door; the taller man adjusted his clothes under the window. The men in the cabaret singing the "Carmagnole" were my own police agents, placed there specially to attract the red Republicans. The two sight-seers then left, and, passing through such and

such quarters, went into a back door of the Tuileries.'

"Napoleon was thunderstruck and even frightened by Fouché's extraordinary power; and prompted, too, by floating suspicions he had conceived about his fidelity, he shortly after sent for me, and said, 'Savary, I dismiss Fouché, and make you Minister of Police.' I pleaded that I knew nothing of police work, and begged to be excused; but Napoleon insisted, and forced me to accept the post."

The other story is the following. Savary, talking one day of the great *rôle* chance played in directing the fortunes of men, said, "I myself am a living proof of this. Having been attached closely to Napoleon for many years, I spoke freely enough to him, but I never spoke more freely in opposition to his wishes than when he ordered me to take command of an army, for I never pretended to much military knowledge. Nevertheless, he insisted, and I had to go. We soon came into contact with the enemy, and I was regularly non-plussed, and knew not what orders to give. Luckily for me, I had by my side an aide-de-camp, a colonel and a clever fellow, who saw my confusion, and suggested that I should give such-and-such orders. I did so, and, keeping him near me, I continued to give the orders

he suggested. We won the victory, which gained for me my field-marshal's baton and my dukedom." Savary added, "I took care to reward the colonel and obtain for him rapid promotion."

The Miracle of St. Polycarp.

St. Polycarp is the patron saint of Smyrna. He was a disciple of St. John, and was martyred by fire on the castle hill above Smyrna. The native Christians of all sects fully believe that, although he died under the martyrdom, the fire had no effect on his body, which is said to rest in the Roman Catholic Capucin church, dedicated to him, and which still exists in the main street of Smyrna.

My maternal grandmother, who only died at a great age in 1890 in full possession of all her faculties, and who often related her curious experiences to me, was in the early part of last century the greatest beauty of Smyrna, which is saying a good deal, for Smyrna has at all times been noted for the beauty of its fair sex. She married in 1820, and in the following year, owing to the Greek War of Independence, great disturbances broke out in Smyrna. The Mussulmans attacked the Christian quarters of the town. Numbers of Christians were slaughtered in the streets, and the panic was a terrible one, as may well be conceived. A band of Janissaries

registered a vow that they would not allow the most beautiful woman of the city to remain in Christian hands, and proceeded to attack my grandmother's house with a view to capturing her. Her husband, seeing that the mob was about entering the house, threw his wife in despair over a high wall into the neighbouring court-yard. Fortunately, her fall was broken by a cow, which happened to be there. She ran into the house, and was passed on from it into other houses, and finally found herself in the Capucin church in company with about 1300 fugitives who had, like herself, taken refuge there from the Turkish mob. The great door of the church was closed and barricaded, but soon the furious mob began battering it, and the breaking in was only a question of a few minutes, when a remarkable apparition was seen by the assailants issuing out of the church. St. Polycarp himself appeared there, dressed in golden garments, and the sun shining on him, clothed him in dazzling splendour. He waved his arms twice, and the mob, recognizing St. Polycarp and panic-struck by what it looked upon as a heavenly interposition in favour of the church and its inmates, broke up and fled. To this day, on the 5th of March of each year, in memory of the great deliverance on that day in 1821, there is a special exposition of the Holy Sacrament

in the church, and there are nine days' services in preparation of the solemn commemoration of St. Polycarp's *fête* day, in the course of which the preachers refer to the Divine deliverance of the church from the Mussulmans.

Now it is an undoubted fact that the St. Polycarp who appeared to the mob was none other than a relative of my maternal grandmother's, a French gentleman called Tricon, who, seeing that the slaughter of the crowd in the church was imminent, conceived the very brilliant and bold idea of dressing himself like St. Polycarp's statue, which was and is the prominent object in the church, and, covering himself with a golden ecclesiastical robe, he suddenly appeared to the mob, and waved his arms.

The veneration of St. Polycarp by the people of Smyrna, Mussulmans as well as Christians, is a very curious fact. In days of great calamity (as, for instance, in the great cholera of 1865), on the unanimous prayer of the population without distinction of creed, his statue is carried in solemn procession through the town, and to this day his supposed tomb on the Castle Hill is visited by Christians and Mussulmans alike, who invoke his miraculous interposition on their behalf. There are other Christian saints in the neighbourhood

who are venerated by all alike, and it is a strange sight on the saint's *fête* days to witness the commingling of the various creeds.

Prospective Over-population of the Globe.

As stated in the early part of "Family Reminiscences," my great-great-grandfather, the last rightful male representative of the Cortazzis, had thirty-two children by his one wife. They might have had more, but she died in her fifty-sixth year, owing to the mistake of her doctor, who attributed to fever a complaint which really arose from the prospective birth of another child, and virtually killed her by a mistaken treatment. This extraordinary power of procreation seems to have been inherited by the descendants; and at this present moment a near relative of mine, who is alive and hale, has 128 living descendants of her own. A simple arithmetical calculation establishes incontrovertibly that the rate of increase during the past fifty years has been exactly a hundredfold. Supposing the same ratio of increase were to continue for one century more, the descendants of this lady would reach one hundred millions of souls. It is to be hoped that such an increase will not take place, for it is easy to foresee that if it did the population of the globe would in time be crowded out by us.

In any case, however, judging from present visible signs, the increase is bound to be very alarming under any circumstances, and this prospect emboldens me the more to publish these "Family Reminiscences," for it is but reasonable to assume that in the process of time there will be a large and increasing demand for this book by members of the family, and the value of its copyright may become a serious addition to the financial assets of my heirs.

I might as well add here that in the year 1888, and before my maternal grandmother died, I had the honour of sitting for my photograph with her, with my mother, her daughter, and my own daughter and her child, thus showing five generations in a direct line living at the same time. As such a thing is very rare, I take the liberty of giving a copy of this photograph on the frontispiece of this book.

I repeat that I have some dim recollections of the lavish hospitality exercised by the Levant merchants in the first half of the past century. I well remember my grandfather having a long table laid out on Sundays and holidays, and receiving as guests all who chose to come, and who had even the shadow of an introduction. Queer characters certainly at times presented themselves,

but often, too, there were great men. I myself was present at, or remember hearing of, the reception of various eminent statesmen, both English and foreign, of numerous officers, naval and military, who had or afterwards played great *rôles* in European and Asiatic affairs, and of several Royal princes, two kings, and one sultan. Austrian officers, in the forties especially, frequented the house, and the Bandiera conspiracy, which initiated the great revolutionary movement of 1848, was to a certain extent hatched in the house. I well remember, as a boy, the nightly meetings of the conspirators in a private room in the house. This conspiracy began in the Austrian fleet, the officers of which were largely Italians, and the chiefs of it were the brothers Bandiera, sons of the admiral commanding the fleet, who were afterwards shot by the Austrians.

As illustrating events of the present day (January, 1901) and the Emperor William's letter to the Queen of Holland referring to the modest beginnings of the German fleet, of which the first ship was a frigate called the *Gefion*, I shall relate an incident which I was present at. The captain of the *Gefion* was a Swede called Sundewall, and the admiral was a Dutchman. Positively in those days there was not a single Prussian who was fit

to be trusted with such responsibilities. This admiral, Captain Sundewall, and some of their officers had appeared for dinner one Sunday, and I, as usual, although a boy, sat at the foot of the table opposite my grandfather. Dinner was well-nigh over when a number of Austrian officers were announced (the Austrian fleet was also stationed at Smyrna). My grandfather asked them whether they would like dinner to be served. They replied in the negative, but sat down to have wine and dessert. They occupied my side of the table, and I could not help remarking the great state of excitement they were in.

Of these officers, one, if I remember right, was Count Bombell, who was, I was told, a son of Marie Louise, and who was afterwards known in connection with Prince Rudolph of Austria, and another was Count Montecucoli, whose after career was a romance in itself. Through excessive wildness he had to leave the navy, and, sinking lower and lower, he finally became a guard on a Siberian railway, when his uncle, the head of the great family of Montecucoli, died, and left him millions in cash and properties worth £200,000 a year. For many months he was advertised for, and finally, under curious circumstances, found in Siberia. The Czar of Russia had

taken a deep interest in his fate, and had given orders that when found he should be treated with all honours; and great was Montecucoli's own surprise and that of his fellow-employees when he stepped out of his almost menial situation into one of the most enviable positions in Europe. The Austrian officer who sat immediately next to me seemed to be the most excited of all, and I specially noticed that his shirt-sleeve was covered with a stain of fresh blood.

Soon after they had sat down, the admiral whispered something to my grandfather, and he and his officers got up, and, bowing distantly to the Austrians, left the room, accompanied by my grandfather, who afterwards told me that the admiral gave as a reason for so abruptly leaving that he did not like the excited manner of the Austrians, that there was then much ill-feeling between the Prussians and Austrians, that he feared something of importance had occurred, and that it was his duty to return to his ship.

Presently my grandfather returned to the dining-room, and I then witnessed a distressing scene, the recollection of which is engraven on my memory. The Austrian officers all got up, and the one next to me fell on my grandfather's neck, and exclaimed with a loud cry, "Oh, father, pity

me, for I have just killed a man!" It turned out that the officers of the two squadrons, reflecting the bad blood which there was between their two nations, had taken to quarrelling, and, as a natural consequence, to fighting duels. One of the duels had just been fought close by, and the Austrian, unwillingly, as he said, had struck his opponent with his sabre right down the chest, and cut him almost into two. The blood spurted on to his sleeve, and covered it. What lent more tragedy to the incident was that the Prussian, a man of high family, was the only child of his widowed mother. I shall never forget the anguish of the officer as he related the story.

One of my grandfather's guests was Richard Cobden, just at the commencement of the Free Trade movement. He was in indirect business relations with our firm. After dinner the guests amused themselves with a jumping contest. Cobden was beaten, although the height of the highest jump was lower than the height he claimed to have jumped on previous occasions. All the competitors went out for a walk excepting Cobden, who remained behind. On the return of the party they found him still jumping, and exultant at having attained the height which he had failed to attain before.

The Sultan who visited my grandfather was Sultan Abdul-Aziz. He not only stayed at the house, but partook of the dinner cooked by our own cook, probably a unique thing for a sultan to do, seeing we were not Mussulmans. The dinner was served at noon in the dining-room. The Sultan went into the room, and then suddenly went out and ordered the food to be served in my grandfather's bedroom, on a little table there was in it. He was so pleased with the quality of the food, that he said to his attendants, "Mashallah, I have not tasted such good food, even in my palace," and he ordered two of the dishes to be kept for his evening meal. Whatever the faults of Abdul-Aziz, he was a most dignified and kingly personage, and had most fascinating, though imperious, manners. On leaving he gave my mother a magnificent souvenir in brilliants, which we have.

In the fifties the neighbourhood of Smyrna was ravaged by brigands, and nobody dared stir out for a walk outside of the inhabited quarters of the town and villages. At that time the vali, or quasi-viceroy, of the province was a certain Ismail Pasha, a former Greek of Scio, captured during the Scio massacre, and converted to Mohammedanism. He was a great friend of my grandfather's, and called on him regularly every Saturday afternoon to discuss the

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Crimean War, then going on, and politics generally. I used always to be in attendance at the outer office. One Saturday, as the Pasha was paying his visit, a Greek shepherd walks in and presents a letter addressed to Mr. Whittall. I took it in to my grandfather, who asked me to read it, as it was in Greek. I did so, and found that it was signed by Stellio, the chief of a notorious band of brigands, and his children, and it conveyed a summons to send £100 to a certain spot on the mountains, with a promise that if the money were sent, the Whittall family would be protected by the brigands, who would become its humble slaves, etc. My grandfather gave the letter to the Pasha, and coolly remarked, "It is for Your Excellency to reply to this." The Saturday after, Ismail Pasha was again at the office, when another man came in with another Greek letter, which also I had to translate. It was from Stellio, and was full of reproaches because the £100 had not been sent, and because the first messenger had been arrested, and threats were used that our house would be burnt down, etc. My grandfather again coolly handed the letter to the Pasha, who said, "I promise you an answer within a week." A few days after, a policeman, carrying a bag on his shoulders, arrived at the office, and asked for Mr. Whittall. I took him in to my

grandfather, to whom he salaamed and said, "The Pasha sends you his salaams, and this is the answer to Stellio's letters," and he was just about to roll the contents of the bag on the floor when I, suspecting something, stopped him. The contents, which I saw afterwards outside of the office, were the heads of Stellio and two of his men, who had been killed and beheaded in cold blood in a shepherd's hut, after they had been sent to sleep by a powerful drug put into their food at the instigation of the Pasha.

My Friend Redjeb.

It was many years ago that I first began shooting in the mountains to the south side of the Gulf of Ismid. In those days, woodcock and other small game, stags, boar, roebuck, and even bears were to be found there, although the distance from Constantinople is only twenty-five miles. Big-game shooting there could not be compassed by stalking, as the covers are too thick and continuous. We had to surround a mountain or a gorge with the guns, and then let beaters into the covers, each one with a chained country hound or two. As soon as the beaters were well in the thick, the hounds were let loose, and the men pushed their way through as well as they could, shouting so that

the dogs should know the direction followed. When the game broke out of the cover it was the business of the guns to shoot it, but very often shots were missed; the animals were wounded, and broke back into the cover, pursued by the dogs. These would then find themselves before an infuriated animal (I refer especially to boar and bear), which cut its way through the thick undergrowth as if with a razor, and charged them. It was the perilous duty of a special beater, armed with a gun, to approach and either drive the animal out or else shoot it, and so save the dogs from being ripped up. Everybody was not brave enough for such a ticklish operation, especially as the boar has a peculiar habit of shaking off the dogs and charging the man, and I had only one man whom I could trust for the job, my friend Redjeb, a wild mountaineer, and as brave and faithful a fellow as ever lived. Several years he was my head-man in that district, and when I was obliged to leave that region, Redjeb remained in his mountain village, set up by me as a farmer.

About two years after, I heard that he had turned brigand, having been driven to it by the continuous persecution he received from the police of those parts for thrashing a lot of them who were ill-treating a girl. Finding that under this persecution life was not worth living, he formed a band

of brigands, became a brigand chief, and occupied himself in robbing rich travellers and spending his booty generously amongst the poor. Shortly after he embarked in his new profession a party of Englishmen landed from a yacht on that coast, and were at once pounced upon by Redjeb, who was walking them off to the mountains, when one of them casually mentioned that he was a friend of mine, upon which Redjeb said, "Why didn't you say so before? That is my tchelebi (master);" and he at once liberated the party. He was finally caught by the police, and condemned to five years' imprisonment in the central prison of Stamboul. Whilst there, in answer to his prayers and for old fellowship's sake, I used to send him money occasionally to save him from starving.

Years elapsed, and one day I decided to take a shooting-trip to the old mountains again. I left on a Monday, and the Friday before I had sent a pound to Redjeb in prison. On the Tuesday I started from my shooting quarters to beat for stag and boar in certain covers, having previously sent word to Redjeb's old village that beaters were to meet me at the foot of the mountain. I had with me a French companion, my son a boy of twelve, and four men with the hounds. We were forcing our way through the dense cover on our way to the rendezvous, my

French friend leading, when suddenly I saw him turn towards me as pale as a sheet and exclaim, "We are in for it." I pushed forward to see what he meant, and there I saw a sight which drove the blood out of my face too, for I beheld a bouquet of the most villainous cut-throats, sixteen in number, armed with all kinds of arms, in a circle before me. Seeing that there was no escape, I put on a bold face, and, saluting the men, I asked for a light for my cigarette. They never said a word, and never moved, which increased my fears, when, to my inexpressible relief, I saw a face issue from the rear, and whose should it be but that of my old friend Redjeb! I plucked up courage when I saw him, seized hold of his beard, and asked him how he dared to shoot on those mountains without my permission. He replied, "How dare you do it? I am the king of these mountains." "How should I know," I said, "that you were here? On Friday I sent you a pound to the prison." He then told me that his time was up on Friday, and that, thanks to my pound, he had been enabled to return to his native village, and hearing that I was coming to shoot, he had collected all his old band in my honour to assist at the beating. And very fine sport we had, for the men knew every hole and corner of the wilds. Before the evening I felt an attack of malarial fever

coming on. Redjeb sent for a horse for me, and before I went asked me to let him take my son and show him how to shoot a boar. I consented, and the next evening he was brought back safely and triumphantly, having shot a boar, which the men, after tremendous exertions, had driven right on to him. Redjeb promised me there and then that he would abandon brigandage, and he kept his promise faithfully.

Many years after, I accompanied my friend, Captain Hegan, in H.M.S. *Imogene*, on a shooting expedition to the old place again, and sent a message to Redjeb's village that he was to come and meet me. The same night at ten o'clock the quarter-master came to inform me that there was something up on shore, as they were firing guns and shouting. It was such a bad night, cold, snowing, and a sea on, that I said, "Better wait till morning." I went ashore early next day, and whom should I find on the shore, on which he had remained all night in the snow, but my friend Redjeb, who had brought me a lot of game! He hugged me when he saw me, and cried over me. Peace be to his ashes! He is dead now. Brigand or no brigand, I had a sincere admiration for the man as a man. His faithfulness was like unto that of a dog, and he saved my life at the risk of his

own. I have had many incidents with brigands in Asia Minor during my fifty years of sport, and I must say that as long as they were Turks, and I had assisted some friends or villages of theirs, which I always made it a point to do when I frequented the wild regions, I never feared any accidents; and though I might often have been taken, I never was. I would not like to trust Christian brigands in the same fashion.

The Mitylene Doctor.

In the year 1858 I took a trip to the island of Mitylene. In those days communications with the island were few and far between. The inhabitants of the remoter villages seldom left their homes, and the consequence was that they lived in a state of primitive simplicity and ignorance impossible to conceive in these days. With them the centre of light and leading was the neighbouring city of Smyrna, and they scarcely knew of the existence of other cities and countries.

To get to Mitylene I had to take passage in a small native sailing-craft, and, as luck would have it, through stress of weather we had to take refuge and land in the most unsophisticated village in the island. I was very kindly received into the best house, and treated right hospitably. In the evening

the villagers all came to welcome their guest, and were assembled in the chief room of the house we were in, when the door opened, and I saw a man come in, dressed in a most extraordinary costume. It consisted of a very long frock-coat, buttoned in front down to the ankles, and a marvellous top-hat of the ancient times, with a brim of enormous circumference, and fluffy with long hair. The wearer came in with the well-known strut of Anatolians, which is put on to convey a great sense of superiority over other mortals. He sat on my right side, brushing aside as he sat the chief of the village, who respectfully introduced the man to me as the Signor Dottore. After the man had sat down he turned towards me, and, putting on a gaze of inexpressible tenderness, he threw his arms round me, and hugging me closely, kissed me repeatedly on either cheek. I confess I did not relish such a close embrace, as the party did not look particularly clean, his clothes and hat, indeed, shining with grease, and I asked him, "Who are you?" "And don't you know me, Villiari?" he asked. I should say here that Villiari means "little William," and my name is William. "No, I don't," I replied. "What," he asks, "don't you remember Andonaki, the son of Mimico, your grandmother's washerwoman's son, who owned the famous she-ass called Philomene, upon which

you rode in triumph when racing with the other children ?" I then recollected that in my childhood I did know such a man and such a she-ass, and I asked him how he had got to Mitylene. "Oh," he said, "I loved Margharo of Bournabat, and as a fellow called Stellio disputed the prize, I did kih to him one day ;" and here with his hand he made a forward and a backward movement, from which I readily understood that he had introduced a knife into Stellio's bowels—in fact, had murdered him. "Well, and what then ?" I asked. "Oh," he replied, "I got into a boat, which landed me here ; and as the doctor of the village had just died, I decided to take up the medical profession, and replace him." "But surely, Andonaki, a donkey-driver can't turn into a doctor right off ?" "Don't forget," he replied, "that a man from Smyrna, coming amongst these barbarians (*αὐτοὺς τοὺς βαρβάρους*), can do anything." And the villagers all the time listened to him as if he were a superior being. "And what about medicines ?" I asked. "Oh," he says, "I don't hold with my *confrères* who mix up a lot of them to deceive their patients. I have only three medicines : sulphato (sulphate of quinine), mercurio (calomel)——" Here I interrupted and said, "I understand sulphato, for that can't do much harm ; but mercurio is a strong medicine. Tell me truly, Andonaki, did you ever kill any of your patients ?"

"Oh," he replied, "in the beginning I may have speeded some souls into eternity; but now"—and he winked at me—"I give them such small doses that I can't do any harm." "And what is your other medicine?" I asked. "Mosko (musk)," he proudly replied. "But what illnesses do you use it for?" "Oh," he answered solemnly, "I never give it till the patient is dying. No man can die happy here unless we pass musk into him."

This giving of musk to the dying is a superstition which prevails in many parts of the Levant, and which, doubtless, has its origin in the hyssop given to our Saviour when He was dying on the Cross.

I shall not easily forget this trip to Mitylene. We were there in Easter Week, and the village maidens during that season assemble on the village square to dance the dances inherited from antiquity. There are many beauties amongst them, for, unlike the mongrel Greeks who inhabit Greece proper, they have not been contaminated by intermarriage with other races, and preserve the old Hellenic type.

One of the most curious things I saw in the island was a set of huge paintings by a native artist, and hung in a church. One depicted the horrors of hell in most comical fashion; the other, the procession leaving the ark at Ararat,

headed by Noah, riding sideways in the Mitylene fashion on a huge pack-saddle borne by a mule.

I did not intend to make any other than passing allusions to politics in this book, and that, too, for good reasons; but I cannot help giving a short story which exemplifies Russian policy and its action in Turkey.

An aunt of mine married a Russian official in the East, who for many years occupied a responsible post in Eastern Asia Minor, and who died a few years ago at the great age of ninety-four, in full possession of the faculties of a brilliant intellect. Shortly before his death I was discussing with him Russia's policy towards Turkey. He gave a most interesting account of what it really consisted of, and exemplified it with the following story of his own experience, which I shall give as nearly as possible in his own words :—

"I was at the time," he said, "Russian Consul in Eastern Asia Minor. Agents of mine in various parts of the province reported to me that a certain dervish was preaching a holy war against giaours, and exciting the Mussulman population against them. As these reports, to which I at first did not attach much importance, became increasingly alarming, and as there was even a question of an outbreak against Christians, I deemed it my duty

to make urgent representations to the Turkish Governor-General, and finally, after great exertions, I succeeded in obtaining an order for the punishment of the dervish, and I wrote a despatch to my superiors informing them in detail of all I had done. I did expect that my successful efforts would be at least approved of; but, to my great surprise, I received a reply blaming me severely for what I had done, and informing me that the dervish was a paid secret agent of Russia acting under instructions."

I shall now give the story of Kasakghi's dog, which I copy from my grandfather's journal, written in 1831.

"Kasakghi was a resident of Bournabat celebrated for his virtues and numerous charities, of which several public fountains bear evidence. He was a kind of gentleman farmer, cultivating his own land, which was extensive. At the commencement of the Greek revolution, and when it was considered by a true Mussulman a meritorious act to kill a Greek, he had given asylum to scores of poor Greeks, inhabitants of his village, who would otherwise have been massacred, and this at the risk of his own life, for he defended them, sword in hand; and respect for his known virtues alone saved him and his poor Greeks.

"This virtuous Turk died five years ago at a mature old age, loved and regretted by every one. He had an old guard-dog, which was noticed following the funeral procession to the grave. A short time afterwards the family noticed that the dog was never to be found at home during the night, but always during the day. This excited curiosity, and he was watched, when it was discovered that regularly every evening at sunset he went to his master's grave, and remained seated on it, keeping watch till morning. I first learned the circumstances through a person saying to me on seeing the dog pass the gate, 'There goes Kasakghi's dog.' The next evening, exactly at sunset, I saw him pass again, and I followed him as he went his way to the grave. He went on doing this regularly for two years, and one cold morning was found dead on the grave."

My Curious Adventure with a Boar.

It was in the year 1879 that the following curious incident happened. I was shooting with an English parson and my son in the very heart of the peninsula, which is equidistant from the Black Sea and the Marmora. We had had rare sport with cock, and my son, then a lad of seventeen, had especially distinguished himself, having got seventeen

birds in thick cover in seventeen consecutive shots. At 3.30 p.m., as we were some two hours' distance from our head-quarters, a village called Denizli, which we shoot over still, I decided to make tracks for home. As we were passing under a rather steep hill covered with thick arbutus, a cock started and settled in a bush some 150 yards above us on the hill. I told my son to go and shoot it, and he went. As he approached the bush I heard him fire two shots and yell out, "Boar, boar!" and I saw a big boar coming down the hill with his head covered with blood. He went over a slight incline, and there came across a number of shepherd dogs, that soon stopped him. I sent our men to look after the boar, and then suggested to my son, who had meanwhile come down and told me that he had literally kicked the boar out of the bush, that he should go up again and shoot the cock which had remained there. He went up, started the bird, and shot it. With the sound of the shot several other boar bounded out of the cover. I understood there was a flock of them, and I decided to go up myself and see whether I could not get a shot too. I loaded with buck-shot, went up very quietly, as it was very steep, and got behind a big arbutus bush, when I saw my two spaniels drop down in front of me, showing the signs of great fear. I turned

round the bush, and then, to my horror, as I turned found myself only just a yard below an enormous boar's head, with great tusks, looking at me out of the bush above. I stood transfixed, and so did my dogs. I dared not fire at the animal, for his head was slanting towards me downwards, and I knew that the shot in all probability would not kill him, and if he charged he must rip me up with his tusks. I waited, how long I do not know—it seemed to me many minutes—gazing at the huge animal, and he gazing at me, my heart beating all the time. He then suddenly turned his head as if to listen, and so brought his ear almost within a foot of the muzzle of my gun. I fired into it, and the brute fell dead, rolling me over as he fell. My shot startled the remainder of the flock, that rushed up the hill, and my son managed to get two young ones with small shot, right and left, and thus we got four boar whilst shooting cock.

We afterwards discovered why the boar lay so close. They had foot disease, which was ravaging all the animals in the country, wild and tame, and therefore would not move unless hard driven.

There is a saying amongst the Turks that boars' eyes are blind, but their ears and scent are sound; and certainly my above experience, and also certain

other incidents, tend to show that there is some truth in this saying.

The boar in those parts are extremely large. In a beat two years ago we got a male tusker which weighed 204 kilos cleaned.

I shall conclude these "Reminiscences" with the following solemn story.

Travelling many years ago in the far interior of Asia Minor, I came across a solitary Christian, who was the only one of his faith living in a town inhabited by fanatical Mussulmans. I asked him how he managed to exist amongst such fanatics, and he told me the following story:—

"Years ago, in a town similar to this, inhabited by fanatical Mussulmans, there lived a Christian, like myself. He was the only Christian in all that country. At first he had much to bear from his fellow-citizens, who resented contact with an infidel, but he was so meek and so holy a man, that in the process of time he not only gained the esteem but even the veneration of all the inhabitants, whose constant remark was that the man was too holy to be an infidel.

"In time he became old and infirm, sickness set in, and it was clear that he was dying. A meeting of the Ulema was called at the large mosque for

the sole purpose of discussing what was to be done under the circumstances, 'for,' said the chief mollah, 'it is not right that so holy a man should be summoned to eternity, and should not be with us in Paradise; therefore,' said he, 'let us go on a deputation to him, and let us try, even at the last moment, to persuade him to utter the formula of our holy faith.' And a deputation went to the old man, and found him sensible still, but in the last stage of life, and they addressed him thus: 'Father, you know how we love and venerate you. It is our constant prayer that you should enjoy with us the bliss of Paradise, and we have come to you in our love, even at this dread hour of death, to earnestly entreat of you to receive our prayer into solemn consideration, and to accept the formula of our holy faith.' And the old man lifted himself on his bed, and, gazing on the Ulema, he said, 'My friends, I know that you love me, as I do you; but some moments since, as the angel of death was seizing me, I had a vision from on high. I saw the great judgment day, and I was at the bar of judgment. The Great Judge, Jesus, sat on the white throne, and the great prophet Mahomed, the Intercessor, stood on His right hand. And as I looked on in humble adoration, the Judge asked me, "Whose art thou?" And I replied, "Thine, O Jesus!" But

the Intercessor took my hand and said, "No, thou art mine;" and I fell prostrate before the Judge, and seized his hand, and there seemed to be a struggle between the two as to who should have me. And suddenly the vision broke. Now, my dear friends, I appeal to you solemnly, as before Allah, and as in the hour of death, and I ask you whose shall I be in the days of eternity?' The Ulema, who were true men, replied, 'You will be the Judge's, for the Judge is greater than the Intercessor. And the old man replied, 'Amen, so be it;' and his head, falling back on the pillow, with a radiant smile on his lips, he gave up the ghost."

It is not generally known that by the Mussulman religion it is fixed that at the last day of judgment the Judge will be Jesus Christ, and the Prophet Mahomed will stand at His side as the Intercessor.

PART V.

TURKISH STORIES AND PARABLES.

Of my long life, I spent over fifty years in Turkey and amongst the Turks. The remainder was spent in England, the country of my forefathers. During the fifty years spent in Turkey, I think I may say without affectation that, owing to my career of constant sport in the far interior, and of business with all parts of Turkey, which necessarily threw me into continuous relations with natives of all kinds, and owing, too, to my knowledge of the Oriental languages, which enabled me to travel in the wildest districts dressed at times like a Turk, and so unrecognizable that I received the Mussulman salutation of Selaam Aleikum, a salutation which a true Mussulman would consider it sinful to bestow on a non-Mussulman, I got to know the Turkish character as few Europeans before me have known it. Not that I claim to know it thoroughly even yet—any European who pretends

he does is quite too presumptuous. The Oriental mind is so very differently constituted to ours that it is impossible to fathom it completely at all times. At all events, I repeat, I knew it better than most people, and I managed to get on with the people in a way which surprises me, considering the predicaments I often was in. A study I delighted in was the folk-lore of the Turks, or rather let me qualify this differently, for it was not exactly the folk-lore, but the sayings and stories, many of which are parabolic; for the Oriental, like his ancestors of old, the pastoral tribes of Asia, the Jobs and Abrahams, delights in nothing more than in parables and dark sayings. And, doubtless, many of these parables were merely intended to cover a meaning or a moral amongst races which, ruled over by despotic chiefs whose frowns they dreaded, dared not too openly express their feelings.

And when I speak of the Turks I mean the real old Osmanli Turks, the descendants of Osman and his tribe, in my humble opinion one of the finest races on earth. They are still to be found in their primitive simplicity in many parts of Asia Minor, and they are a race quite distinct from the innumerable other races who have in the process of centuries migrated into Turkey, and made of it the dumping-ground of a greater variety

of human breeds than the world has ever before seen in one land. I came frequently into contact with other Oriental races, also Mussulmans, such as Georgians, Kurds, Yurouks, Lazes, Circassians of all kinds, Tartars of all kinds, from the blue-eyed, fair-haired so-called descendants of the Warangian guards of the Byzantine emperors to the broad-nosed Mongolians, etc., but I knew but little of them. Each race has its own special characteristics, and the knowledge of each would require the study of a lifetime. What the final outcome of all this great intermingling of different races will be is a mystery. Palgrave, who studied the subject years ago, believed that the eventual result would be the production of the finest race on earth. I would agree with him if I could believe in the survival of any large number of these people; but the mortality among them, owing to various causes, such as the conscription, the hardships attendant on increasing distress, the smallness of families, the lamentable system of abortion, and the inconceivable spread of syphilitic disease is so great, that in my humble opinion the question of the Near East will solve itself by itself in the process of years by the virtual extinction of its leading factor, the Mussulman element; that is, if it be left to itself, but that is almost impossible. My

own personal and painstaking observation of the rate of mortality convinces me that it is at least fifty per thousand, whereas the ratio of births must be below the European average.

But now let me return to my parables and stories. I trust some of my readers will appreciate them. I know, however, that many will not, for the European mind is so constituted that it often sees nothing humorous in what would drive a sedate Oriental into paroxysms of laughter or quick and earnest apprehension of the serious moral conveyed. I had an instance of this once that struck me. I was staying in England with a much-respected friend who had numerous guests besides myself. At table I sat next to a lady, to amuse whom I related certain Turkish stories. She seized their points, and simply revelled in them. After dinner I was asked to relate them to the company. I did so in my best style; but, much to my mortification, excepting by my lady friend and one or two others, they were received with the frozen silence of people who not only did not apprehend, but were woefully bored.

Some twenty years ago I had a Turkish friend, a leading mollah, who in his heart of hearts was a reformer. The poor fellow is no more; he died in exile, suspected of liberal opinions. My friend

used to pay me occasional visits, and when he came always closed the door, and looked round furtively to see that there were no eavesdroppers. He arrived one day just after a new Grand Vezir had been named. In those days Grand Vezirs and ministers were being constantly changed. I asked him what the new man was like. All his reply was, "Listen to this story:—

"The Camels and their Leader.

"Years ago there lived at Konieh a very wealthy camel-dealer. He bred, bought, and sold camels, and he let them out on hire. One day he fell ill, and his relatives, collected round his bed, saw he was dying. The death-rattle began—it went on for hours, but the Archangel Azrael would not take his soul. The relatives, alarmed by this terrible prolongation of the death-agony, called in the wisest mollah of the city for advice. He prayed the prayers of the dying, nevertheless the death-rattle went on. He then turned to the relatives and said, 'Friends, this man has committed sin, and it is not forgiven, therefore Azrael takes not his soul. Call all that have ever had relations with him, and let them forgive him.' His connections having been extensive, hundreds of people were called in, who passed beside the couch and

said, 'Hassan Agha' (that was his name), 'we forgive you.' And yet the death-rattle went on. And the relatives, driven wild with consternation, sent for the holiest man of the country, a dervish, who lived as a hermit on a high mountain. And the dervish came, and he too said, 'This is owing to unforgiven sin. If the sin is not against men, it is against animals. See to it.' And the relatives called in the head camel-driver, who knew the language of camels, and asked him to find out whether the camels had been sinned against and had not forgiven. He assembled the 4000 camels Hassan Agha owned in the plain, and addressed them thus: 'My children, your master has the death-rattle in his throat, but the archangel will not take his soul, because he has unforgiven sin. His sin is not against men, for all have forgiven him. It must be against you, and I beg you to forgive him, and so loose his soul.' And the camels asked to be allowed to hold a meeting. From morn till eve they discussed the matter, and never before or since were such roarings and gurglings heard in the plains of Konieh. Finally, resolutions were carried, and the boss camel, the one that always is the first camel of the caravan, being itself, however, always attached by a rope from its muzzle to the pack-saddle of the ass,

which is in front, and therefore is the real leader, came forward and informed his chief that he had been named delegate of all the camels, and that he must see Hassan Agha himself. Half the house had to be knocked down to enable the camel to go in, and finally he reached his master's bedside, and, laying his long neck on the bed, he said, 'Master, you gave us camels in marriage, and then you tore the children from their mothers, and sold them into slavery; you overworked us, you underfed us, and in many ways treated us cruelly; but for all this we forgave you, for we are but animals, and it is our kismet to suffer. But, master, there is one thing we never forgave you for, and that is for having allowed us to be led by an ass.'"

And I understood that my friend wished me to understand that the new Grand Vezir was an ass.

Some months after, the then Grand Vezir was turned out, and another appointed. My friend again happened to come and see me, and I asked him, "What do you think of the new Grand Vezir?" He smiled, and then said, "Listen to this story:—

"If I scratched Once, he scratched Twice.

"In the city of Aidin, one hundred years ago, there was a great Derebey (*i.e.* Lord of the Valley,

as the old Turkish aristocracy, now no longer existent, were called), who was the richest and most powerful man in the country, and he had an only child, a daughter, who was lovely as a houri. But although she was twenty years old, she was not married, and people wondered why her father should refuse, as he did, so many eligible suitors. At last, one day, the only son of the other great Derebey of the province, having attained his majority, came to the old man, and spoke thus to him: 'Father, you have known me from my youth. Your daughter and I played together when we were children. I love her, and she loves me. Give her to me in marriage.' The old man replied, 'My son, I know you, and I love you, but my daughter is not for marriage.' Upon which the young man rose up in despair, and said, 'Then there is nothing for me but death, for without her I cannot live.' And he flew away on his horse. The old man repented of his refusal, and sent an express after the young man, who returned, and was told, 'Son, I will give you my daughter, provided you sign a document that you take her with all her faults, and will never reproach me.' The young man consented, and a mollah was at once sent for to draw up the document, which was signed. Immediately the marriage preparations began, and the marriage itself took place

amidst scenes of unexampled splendour. The bride was taken home by the bridegroom, and the day after the old man and his wife were anxiously discussing whether she would be sent back to them. Forty-eight hours elapsed, and she was not sent back. Plucking up courage on the third day, the couple went to see their daughter, and found her, to their relief and surprise, radiantly happy, and covered with new jewels given after the marriage. And they asked her how she managed things so well. And she burst out laughing, and replied, 'Oh, father, if I scratched once, he scratched twice, and he thinks I got it from him.' The fact was that there was then, as there is still at times, a skin-disease in that land, which necessitated scratching. The girl had it, and it was her fault in her father's estimation; but the young man also had it, and his love for his bride naturally increased when he was convinced by her wiliness that she had caught the infection from him."

And from the "If I scratched once, he scratched twice," I, knowing the subtilties of the Turkish story, understood that if the previous Grand Vezir was an ass, the new one was an ass twice over.

And it occurred to me that, looking nearer home, we might possibly find some vezirs and pashas amongst ourselves to whom these two stories would

apply just as much as to the two Grand Vezirs in question.

Another day I was complaining to my friend of the cussedness of certain Turkish officials who insisted on imposing disagreeable conditions in a concession I was treating for. "My friend," said the mollah, "listen to this story, and swallow your spirit of contradiction.

"THE HUNCHBACKS HASSAN AND HUSSEIN.

"There were at Stamboul two well-known hunchbacks, Hassan and Hussein. Hassan was a jovial little fellow, and was universally liked, for he never contradicted any one. Hussein, on the other hand, was a crusty, nasty little devil, whose sole pleasure in life was to go against the grain of other people. He was therefore much disliked. One Thursday, Hassan, having had a hard day's work, went in the evening to the public bath to refresh himself, and, having washed, wrapped himself in his bathing-towel, cocked himself up cross-legged on the sill of the big window of the bath, and fell asleep. The bath was closed for the night, and at midnight Hassan awoke in perfect darkness. Dazed, he felt around him, and saw he was, as he thought, on the brink of a precipice. Whilst he was rubbing his eyes and trying to collect his thoughts, he hears the

sound of distant music, and sees light gradually pervading the bath-room. Gazing on in wonder, he sees the light increase, he hears the music louder, and finally, with a burst of the most heavenly melody and of the brightest of lights, the wall opens and twelve lovely houris, dressed in the lightest gauze, leap into the room and begin dancing. Another burst of music, another ray of light, and the Queen of them flies in also, and, forming the centre of the circle, all dance a lovely dance, such as mortals never before had seen. Presently the Queen spies out Hassan, and says, 'Hassan, come and join us!' and he, nothing loath, joins the ring too, and never could he have conceived such felicity as he enjoyed in that entrancing scene. The chorus of the song sung was 'Tcharshambà dir, Tcharshambà dir, It is Wednesday.' But it wasn't Wednesday, for it was a Thursday; but what did Hassan care? He wasn't going to disturb the harmony, not he, and so went on singing the chorus lustily. Dawn began to break, and Hassan perceived that the houris were waxing fainter and fainter. Just before the sun shone out he feels a slap on his back, and hears these words: 'Hassan, you are a brick; take your reward.' And he further hears a sound 'zit' going upwards towards the vault of the bath, and feels himself suddenly lightened; and in lieu of a little hunchback, on

looking at himself in the glass he realizes that he is a handsome youth. Rejoicing, he dresses himself and goes out. People scarcely recognize him, but when they do they rejoice with him on his marvellous cure, which he attributes to different remedies, being unwilling to reveal the secrets of the bath.

"But his old friend Hussein, finding these remedies after trial useless, at last worries the secret out of Hassan, and he, too, goes to the bath on a Thursday, pretends to sleep on the window-sill, and, in fact, goes through all the experience Hassan went through, but with this exception, that when the chorus came in he, instead of joining in with the houris in the 'Tcharshambà dir, Tcharshambà dir, It is Wednesday,' insisted on saying 'Pershembè dir, Pershembè dir, It is Thursday.' Even in such moments of bliss he could not restrain his spirit of contradiction. At dawn he gets a slap on his back, and hears the words, 'Avaunt, you wicked little imp! Is it Thursday?' And he hears a sound of 'zit' coming from the vault downwards, and feels a heavy blow on his back, and goes out with Hassan's hump superadded to his own."

This story once had an amusing sequel. I first published it in the *Levant Herald* some fifteen years ago. In those days I had a facetious Yankee

friend, a great traveller, who regularly spent Christmas with me, and enjoyed my Turkish stories. It seems that this story was copied *literatim* into English papers, then into American ones, and finally found its way into a town in California and into the paper there. My Yankee friend happened to be there, and, spotting the story, posted the paper to me, and asked whether I didn't think Yankees were as good at such things as Orientals were.

For many years I had shootings in a remote part of Asia Minor, to reach which I had to pass a small town called Guebze, the only important thing in which was a medresse, or college, with mosque attached, which, although now uncared for, must have been a majestic building in its time. I often asked how such a fine building could have got there, and I finally obtained the explanation from one of my old sportsmen in the following quaint story, which I shall call

"THE STORY OF TCHOBAN MUSTAFA.

"In the eighteenth century there lived at Guebze a certain Tchoban Mustafa (the Shepherd Mustafa) who every day took his flock out to graze in the mountains round Guebze, and returned every

evening to the fold with his little donkey laden with stones, with which he intended, in pursuance of a vow, to build some day a little mesjid, or small mosque, for the worship of wayfarers. One day whilst he was with his flock his fierce dogs flew at two travellers, dressed in city costumes, and would have torn them asunder had he not called them back, and had they not obeyed his call at once. The two men approached him and said, 'Praise be to Allah, your dogs obeyed you at once, or we would have been rent in pieces.' 'Ha! ha!' said Mustafa, 'do you think I am like our Sultan, who can't get his ministers or any one else to obey him?' The two men then sat down, and being hungry, asked for something to eat. Mustafa gave them bread and goat-cheese and a drink from the brook. After their lunch one of the men asked him, 'Do you ever go to Constantinople?' 'Yes,' says he, 'once every three months, to settle my cheese accounts.' 'And won't you come and be my guest when you next come?' asks the man. 'Of course I will,' says Mustafa; 'for although one enemy is too many, a thousand friends are too few. But how shall I find you? What is your name?' 'I am Selim Aga,' replies the man, and writing something on a piece of paper. 'Here is my address,' which Mustafa shoves into the folds of his

turban. The two men, after thanking their host, go away.

"A month after Mustafa has to go to Scutari to arrange his cheese affairs, and he says to himself, 'Why shouldn't I spend the night at Selim Aga's?' But, quite forgetting he had his address, he asks a man, 'Where does Selim Aga live?' 'There,' says the man, pointing to a large house. Mustafa, without much ado, enters the gate, and in his muddy sandals walks up the stairs, and finds himself in the presence of a fierce Aga of Janissaries, who, seeing a shepherd in dirty sandals treading his carpets, orders him to be kicked down the stairs, which was conscientiously done by his slaves. Mustafa, bruised and shaken, goes down the market-place, and again asks where Selim Aga lives. Another big house is pointed out to him (for Selim is a common name), where he gets even a worse reception than in the other. It then occurs to him that he has the address, and, taking the paper out of his turban, he shows it to an officer of police, who, at once recognizing the Sultan's sign-manual, kisses the paper reverently, and says, 'I'll take you to your friend.' He puts Mustafa into a fine caique, and takes him to the Sultan's palace on Seraglio Point, and the Sultan Selim, who was sitting in his kiosk on the seaside, recognizes the shepherd, and

gives orders that he should be received as a grand vezir. The guards turn out, and with great ceremony Mustafa is ushered into the presence of the Sultan, and the moment after giving and receiving the customary salutations, he turns round to him and says, 'Selim Aga, may Allah give you all the trouble you brought on me, for it was Selim Aga here, Selim Aga there, with kicks each time;' and, turning his back to the Sultan, he adds, 'Look at the mud on my trousers which I got from the kicks.' Sultan Selim calmed him down and said, 'Never mind; it was your kismet. Sit down, and let's have a coffee.' With the coffee Mustafa settles down, and for the first time begins to realize that he is in an out-of-the-way place. Gazing round the magnificent room, with all its gilded richness, he asks the Sultan, 'For mercy's sake, Selim Aga, tell me truly, did you make these things with your own hands, or did you inherit them from your ancestors?' 'I inherited them,' replied the Sultan; upon which Mustafa, bursting into a roar of laughter, exclaims, 'I knew it! I knew it! for how could such addle-brained fellows as you and I make such fine things?' The attendants, staring in amazement at the shepherd's impudence, were prepared for an order to behead, or at least bastinado him; but the Sultan was much taken by the man's vivacity and independence, and kept

him in his court. He finally became the famous Grand Vezir, well known in Turkish history as Tchoban Mustafa Pasha, who, remembering his vow at Guebze, subsequently built the college and mosque there."

On the way to my shootings, at a distance of four or five hours from each other, are to be seen the remains of two small edifices, evidently old Mussulman tombs, of which my old sportsman gave me the following satirical story, which I shall call

"The Holy Asses.

"In days gone by the first tomb was that of a great saint, who had miraculous powers. An old man was the guardian of it, and so great had its reputation become as a miracle-worker that he waxed rich on the offerings of the crowds who resorted to it with prayers and vows—so rich, indeed, that he could afford to keep a servant, Abdullah by name, who, after serving his master faithfully for ten years, begged permission to absent himself for six months in order that he might go and see his aged parents once more, and obtain their blessing before they died. The old man praised Abdullah for his pious purpose, blessed him, and finally, on his departure gave him the foal of his she-ass to lighten his journey. Abdullah

started, and reaching after a day's journey a pleasant place, sat down to rest and to let his ass graze on the rich grass. It so happened that the ass ate a poisonous green frog, and immediately swelled out and died. Abdullah was very sorrowful, but said, 'How can I leave my old master's gift to become the food of filthy vultures?' So he dug a hole in the ravine, and buried the ass in it. He had scarcely done so when a woman from the neighbouring village passed by in great distress, and asked him, pointing to the tomb, whose it was. Abdullah, without reflecting, replied, 'Oh, it is the tomb of a saint, and I am the keeper;' upon which the woman tore off a piece of her gown, tied it to the nearest bush, made a vow, and gave a piastre to Abdullah, telling him that if the saint heard her prayer she would give him a dollar. In a few hours she returned, and blessing Abdullah, gave him the dollar, informing him that, praise to Allah, so great was the power of the saint that on her return home her daughter, who had been in convulsions, was quite restored. Abdullah, who had a keen eye to business, thought he might as well remain by the tomb and see what else would turn up. And sure enough, the miracle of the girl's sudden recovery spread like wildfire all over the land. Supplicants to the saint began pouring in.

There were a few more lucky hits, which enhanced his reputation, and Abdullah was literally coining money out of it all.

"Meanwhile the old man's saint was quite neglected, nobody went to him, and he was vastly puzzled to account for it, when somebody told him of the wonder-working new saint five hours off. The old man saddled his ass, and went off to find out what it was all about. He arrives at the new tomb, and sees Abdullah there, who says to his master, 'How can I conceal anything from you, my old master?' and tells him the whole story, upon which the old man rolls on the ground with laughter so violent that Abdullah has to shake him, and beg him to calm himself. 'How can I calm myself, O Abdullah,' replies he, 'when the foolishness of men is so outrageous? for if your saint was the foal of my she-ass, it was her mother that was my saint.'"

Travelling once in a French steamer from Smyrna to Constantinople, I found myself in the company of a Turkish High Reform Commission, which had been sent to Syria to establish reforms there *à l'Européenne*. The head of the Commission was a fanatical old mollah, who would not even eat with infidels, but sat apart cross-legged, scowling at us. After dinner I amused myself by

relating Oriental stories to the company, which were much relished, and excited great laughter. Amongst others, I related the story of

"The Turkish Reformer,"

which was as follows:—

"In the reign of Sultan Selim a dispute arose between Russia and Turkey, and a certain Turkish effendi, reputed very clever, was chosen by the Sultan as his special envoy to settle the difficulty. He went to Petersburg, and was received there with great distinction by the Russians. Prince Orloff, the Foreign Minister, gave a banquet in his honour, and at its finish informed his guest, by name Emin Effendi, that a Tartar had just arrived from Odessa bringing despatches, some of which were for His Excellency, and which he would have much pleasure in delivering to him with his own hands. The Prince summoned one of his aides-de-camp, who at once presented himself, and who received the following order from his chief: 'Go to the Foreign Office at once, and in my private cabinet, in the left-hand drawer of my desk, of which this is the key, you will find a bundle of despatches, which bring me forthwith.' The aide-de-camp saluted, and left at once, upon which Prince Orloff, looking at his watch and turning to Emin Effendi, said, 'To

show Your Excellency what regularity we are accustomed to in Europe, my aide-de-camp is now going down the staircase of my palace; he is now in the street; he has reached the Foreign Office; he is in my cabinet; he is now opening my drawer; he is now down the stairs, crossing the street, coming up my stairs; he is now at the door;' and just as he said this the aide-de-camp knocks at the door and presents the despatches. Emin Effendi is struck by this extraordinary regularity, and says to himself, 'And why can't we Turks be as good in these things as the giaours? Now, there is my kehaya (attendant), Hassan Aga. Why shouldn't I teach him to do as well?' And he at once sets to work to teach him the punctual execution of orders. Meanwhile Emin Effendi's mission is satisfactorily concluded, and he returns to Constantinople, where, as a reward for his services, he is made Foreign Minister.

"Prince Orloff, in his turn, having got into disgrace, is shipped off as Ambassador to Constantinople, so that the former host becomes now the guest. Emin Effendi, grateful for the attentions received from the Prince, gives a grand banquet also in his honour, and after the banquet he thus addresses him: 'Prince! His Imperial Majesty, my august master, has deigned

to confer on you a snuff-box in brilliants. I shall have the honour of presenting it to you with my own hands;' and, clapping his hands, he calls out, 'Hassan Aga!' His attendant at once presents himself, and says, 'Buyuroum, I await your orders.' Emin Effendi then says to him, 'Go to the Foreign Office, into my cabinet, open the right-hand drawer of my desk with this key. In it you will find a red velvet box, which bring to me at once; and mind you, Hassan Aga, you are on your trial. Don't forget my year's drudgery in giving you lessons.' 'On my head be it,' says Hassan Aga, and disappears. Emin Effendi then smilingly turns to the Prince, after taking his watch out, and says, 'And to show you, Prince, that we, too, in this country have habits of regularity, my attendant is now going down the stairs, up the street, into the Foreign Office and my cabinet; he is now opening my drawer, taking the case out, returning, etc., and now he is at the door;' and he calls out 'Hassan Aga!' and Hassan Aga jauntily steps in, which makes the Minister say to him, 'Well done, my faithful son; you have learned my lessons.' But suddenly he perceives that the velvet case is not in Hassan Aga's hand, and he asks impatiently, 'And where is the case?' Hassan Aga, as if it were a matter of course, replies, 'Effendi, I couldn't find my

papoutches (outer shoes)'—the fact being that he had not gone out at all, but was looking for his papoutches all the time."

It so happened that there was a gentleman at the table who knew Turkish well, and who, when the President of the Reform Commission asked him what all the laughing was about, was indiscreet enough to translate the story for his benefit. At once the mollah took it as a satire on his Commission, and there was a very unpleasant scene.

As a matter of fact, the moral of this story is a true one. To try and make Oriental Mussulmans adopt the habits and ideas of Europeans is a vision which can only be conceived by those who know not the Oriental mind. And that is why the policy of England towards Turkey, which was so persistently followed for many years, and which consisted of attempts to cram European ideas of reform down the throats of the Turks, was utterly foolish, and as futile as it was foolish; for how can a race or a class be expected to reform itself out of existence? European reform is not compatible with the *de facto* autocratic theocratic form of the Turkish Government nor with the social system that prevails. Naturally enough, the governing classes, who dread reform because it would put an end to their prerogatives and opportunities, or even

to themselves, resent the policy of England, and become embittered against everything English, and the more so as we never seem to go beyond the empty words which in the eyes of Orientals are synonymous with blustering impotence. But there is another argument against European reform from a national Turkish point of view which must not be lost sight of. Reform necessarily means security to life and property, justice, equality before the law, quickened communications, etc.; but what does all this mean to the Turk as a race? It simply means his extinction. Look round Turkey, and you will see that, wherever progress forces itself in, wherever more or less security prevails, as on the sea-coast, the lines of railway, etc., there the Turk gradually disappears. Why he, a man of magnificent physique, disappears under such circumstances, how he disappears, no one can tell, but he goes, and does not return. He is replaced by races far inferior in many respects to his. I have with my own eyes seen marked changes in this direction during my life.

Although all Turks sigh for improvements in the administration of their country, not one in a thousand wants European reform. Can I give a better instance of this than the following? A friend of mine went to congratulate his friend, Ali Pasha,

the famous Grand Vezir who was so associated with a liberal policy, on Constantinople being brought into direct touch with European civilization by the firman just issued by Sultan Abdul Aziz authorizing the railway to Europe. To my friend's surprise, Ali replied, "My friend, do not congratulate, but condole with me, for we have opened the door to the enemies that will drive us out of Europe." And who can say that he was not, at all events, partly right?

Let me conclude. The opposition of the Turk to European reform is prompted by the instinct of self-preservation, and is a natural one from his point of view, and to try and force him to adopt it is to make an enemy of him without doing any good.

The next story is used to exemplify any glaring acts of injustice in the Turkish courts. This story, which I shall call

"THE LAMB BOLTED,"

is as follows:—

"A customer one day brought to the baker of an inland town a fatted lamb, which he told him he had been fattening up for months, and which he wished him to bake in his oven with the utmost

care. The baker took the lamb and baked it, and as he was taking it out of the oven, the Cadi, or judge of the place, a man of great authority, who was dreaded for his sternness, happening to be passing by, smelt the delicious smell of the lamb, and ordered the baker to send it to his house. 'Effendi,' says the baker, 'the lamb is not mine; it belongs to a customer who has been fattening it for months.' 'Don't eat dirt,' says the Cadi, 'but do as I tell you, or it will be the worse for you.' The poor baker, in fear and trembling, asks, 'And what must I say to my customer when he comes for the lamb?' 'Tell him,' says the Cadi, 'that the lamb bolted; and if he is obstreperous, bring the matter to my court, and I'll protect you.' What could the poor baker do but obey? So he sends the lamb to the Cadi's house. Shortly after the customer calls, and asks for his lamb. 'The lamb bolted,' says the baker. 'How can the lamb I killed yesterday bolt? Are you mad?' asks the customer. 'I tell you it bolted,' the baker insists, upon which a violent quarrel begins, and the exasperated customer, who all the time is holding his little baby with his left arm, takes up one of the logs used for burning in the oven to strike the baker. The latter takes up another to defend himself. Between the furious attack and the

defence, one of the logs falls violently on the poor baby's head, and crushes his skull. The customer yells out, 'He has murdered my child!' A crowd gathers, and, infuriated by the sight of the mangled baby, rushes towards the baker to wreak vengeance upon him. He, in a state of terror, flies away, and takes refuge in the mosque. The crowd follows him into the mosque, regardless of its being a sanctuary, and the poor baker runs up to the summit of the minaret. But the crowd would not be denied, and rushes after him even there; and the baker at last, in despair, sooner than be torn to pieces by the infuriated mob, leaps down from the top of the minaret, and, as it happens, falls on a poor camel-driver, who was quietly eating a melon under the minaret with his brother. The camel-driver is absolutely squashed and killed on the spot, but the baker gets off unharmed. The brother begins yelling, 'My brother is murdered! Vengeance on the murderer!' The mob, infuriated still further, and, in increased numbers come on the scene again, yelling for vengeance; but the baker, outstripping it, finally finds his way to the Cadi's court, which was open. When the Cadi sees the baker and the excited crowd following, he orders the police to shut the doors of the court, and to inform the people that only plaintiffs and

defendants will be admitted, and that justice will be done.

"The lamb-owner first presents himself, with his mangled baby still in his arms, and he apostrophizes the judge thus: 'Justice—I demand justice, my lord. This baker began by stealing my lamb, and then, with a log of wood, killed my baby. Here it is;' and weeping copiously and loudly, he shows the baby. 'What have you to say to this charge?' asks the Cadi sternly of the baker. 'My lord, it was an accident,' says he. 'Ah!' says the Cadi, 'the case is a very serious one, and I must consult our holy law.' So he retires into the inner chamber, and after a long delay, sufficient for two good pipes, purposely conceived to weary the crowd of waiting, he returns into the court, and says—

"'The court has judged. Hearken, ye people. The judgment is that inasmuch as our holy law in such matters requires an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, the nearest approach to justice in this difficult case is that the plaintiff should divorce his wife forthwith (this can easily be done by the husband's pronouncing three words), and give her to the baker in marriage, and that the baker should give the first child of this marriage into the hands of the plaintiff to take the place of the deceased baby.'

"Hearing this judgment, the plaintiff, who loved his wife, and did not want to part with her, said, 'My lord, I repent; I withdraw the charges.' The Cadi, after reprimanding him indignantly for his inconsistency, condemns him to pay costs, and acquits the baker.

"Then came the turn of the camel-driver's brother. He addresses the judge thus: 'Justice, my lord; I demand justice. This man jumped on my brother from the top of the minaret whilst we were eating a melon peacefully together, and squashed him to death.' 'What have you to say to this serious charge?' the Cadi asks the baker, who replies, 'My lord, how could I, from the top of the minaret, see the men who were down below it? Why were they there?' The Cadi put on a grave face again, and said, 'This, too, is a very serious case. I must consult our holy law.' So he again retires into the inner chamber, and after indulging in a long pipe, returns to the court, and says—

"'Hearken, ye people, to the judgment of the court. Inasmuch as in this case also our holy law requires an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, the court pronounces the following judgment: That the baker should be made to sit at the foot of the same minaret and eat a melon,

and that the plaintiff should go to the top of it and jump down upon him. Upon which the camel-driver's brother, who did not relish an eighty-feet jump, says also, 'My lord, I repent; I withdraw my charge.' And the Cadi, expatiating again indignantly on the inconsistency of men, condemns him to costs also.

"And so the baker got off scot-free, whilst the Cadi got the lamb and the costs from both plaintiffs."

The Imam and the Tcharouks, or Sandals.

A cousin of mine, who was in the British Indian Telegraph Service, went to the Turkish Minister of Commerce to complain that telegrams over the Indian wires which had to be posted to the inland towns of Turkey were charged two piastres postage, whereas the charge fixed by the International Postal Service was only one piastre. The Minister for all reply asked him whether he knew the story of the Imam (priest) and the Tcharouks (sandals), and he proceeded to relate the story to him as follows:—

"A new imam was appointed to a village in Asia Minor. On arriving there he found that none of the villagers would attend the services at the mosque. He inquired the reason, and discovered it was that they all wore a complicated tcharouk

which it was not easy to loosen, and as according to the Mussulman usages they could not enter a mosque with their tcharouks on, they preferred not to go to mosque at all. The imam did his best to persuade them, but failed. Finally, being a broad-minded man, sooner than that they should be deprived of religious services, he consented to their wearing their tcharouks in the mosque. The result was that their religious attendance became quite exemplary. Some time after the imam was promoted to a neighbouring town, and was succeeded by a fanatical mollah, who was most indignant at the defilement of the mosque by the wearing of tcharouks in it. He protested vehemently, and the result was that no villager would attend the services. On learning that his predecessor had sanctioned the usage, the mollah at once saddled his ass and went off to the town to demand explanations of him. His predecessor replied, 'My friend, we can only do one thing at a time. My lot was to make the villagers attend the services; it is your lot to make them take off their tcharouks.'

"Now," said the Minister, "I am like the imam. When I became Minister I found the postage was six piastres per letter, and I reduced it to two piastres. Have a little patience, wait for my successor to be named, and, Inshallah, it will be his

lot to reduce it from two to one piastre, as you wish."

The Calpaks, or Turbans.

A friend of mine, who represented a leading railway at Constantinople when its statutes were being drawn up, found that in proportion to his yielding to the demands of the Turks, their pretensions increased, so that at last, if all they asked for were conceded, the railway would not be able to exist. The result was that things came to a regular deadlock. My friend knew the Turks well, and resolved upon a desperate expedient. He went at dawn to the competent Minister's palace, and urgently demanded an immediate audience on an important matter. The Minister got out of bed, and, dressed in his night-clothes, received my friend, whom he asked very ill-humouredly why he disturbed him at such an unearthly hour. My friend replied, "I have a most important story to tell Your Excellency;" and he proceeded forthwith to relate the following:—

"A fierce Janissary received from a friend a present of cloth suitable for calpaks (a sort of turban), and he sent for a calpak-maker, whom he peremptorily ordered to make a calpak for him. The man eagerly replied, 'On my head be it,' so

eagerly indeed, that the Janissary at once conceived the suspicion that he was going to be swindled, and that, after making the calpak, a lot of cloth would remain as a perquisite to the calpak-maker. So he peremptorily told the man, 'I want two calpaks made out of this cloth.' The man, in dread of the Janissary, again eagerly replied, 'On my head be it.' This made the Janissary think that the cloth might even be sufficient for three calpaks, and he tells the man, 'Make a third calpak, also, for my little boy;' and again the man replied, 'On my head be it,' and taking the cloth, departed. A week after the Janissary goes to the man's shop to inquire after his calpaks, which are produced by him, but are so diminutive in size that they scarcely fitted dolls. He gets into a rage, and demands explanation. 'Effendim,' replied the man, 'you wanted three calpaks out of the cloth, and these were the largest I could make.' And the Janissary, who was a just man, exclaimed, 'I am to blame. I have lost my cloth, and got in lieu of it useless calpaks.'

"Now, your Excellency," continued my friend, after relating the story, "by your excessive demands on our railway you will lose the cloth, and get instead useless calpaks."

The Minister burst into a roar of laughter, for he was greatly tickled by the whole circumstances of

the case, and so far from kicking my friend out of his palace, as any European certainly would have done, he promised to take the matter into consideration, and really settled the difficulty a short time after.

The Melon Story.

Another friend of mine was Vice-Consul at Diarbekir at a time when the Kurds there had risen in rebellion against the Turks. He had to leave Diarbekir for Constantinople, and went to the Governor to ask for an escort, which was refused on the plea that it would do more harm than good; so my friend decided to go without an escort, and two days after starting saw himself surrounded by Kurds, who took him a prisoner to their encampment, where the chief of the rebels received him very courteously. In the evening my friend asked the chief why his people were in rebellion, and warned him that the Turkish army, with its superior arms, would soon get the better of them. "We know that what you say is true," replied the chief, "but we are doing what the man with the melons did;" and he proceeded to relate the following story:—

"In the time of Pharaoh a villager loaded three melons on his donkey (the melons in that country are very large), with the intention of selling them in the city. On arriving at the gate, the tax-gatherers

claimed one of the melons as their due, and took it. The villager entered the city, but there was such a glut of melons on that day, that he could not sell his, and loading the two on his donkey, he was returning to his village, when, as he reached the gates, the tax-gatherers seized another of the melons. And the poor man, in despair, said to himself, 'It is best for me to eat the remaining melon myself, for if I don't the tax-gatherers will seize it also, and I shall have nothing left.' So he sat down to eat the melon at the entrance to the cemetery, which was halfway between his village and the town. Whilst he was eating, he sees in the distance a funeral procession approaching, and the idea occurs to him that he, too, might assume the character of a tax-gatherer, seeing that the profession was so remunerative. He summoned the mourners to pay an asper per head, telling them that was the legal fee; and they, after a little demur, paid up. And he did the same with every funeral that entered the gates, reaping quite a little fortune out of it, until Pharaoh's daughter died and she, too, was brought to be buried. The high officials, in whose charge the body was, not only refused to pay the tax, but clapped the man into irons, and brought him before Pharaoh to be judged. On being asked by Pharaoh by what right he levied the tax, he boldly related to him all the story of the

melons, and told him that the people were so crushed by taxes that no one could live unless he took up the profession of a tax-gatherer, and that was why he did so. Pharaoh was so struck by what he heard that he not only forgave the man, but issued an edict forbidding such taxation in the future.

"Now," said the Kurdish chief to my friend, applying the moral, "we Kurds are in exactly the same position as the villager was in. The life is crushed out of us by the Turkish tax-gatherers, and we have risen in rebellion, not because we believe we are able to resist the Turkish troops, but because we hope that through our rebellion our evil case may get to the knowledge of our Sultan, and, Inshallah, he may pity us, and so release us from our present bondage to the tax-gatherers."

I beg to assure my readers that all the incidents connected with these stories are absolutely true. I have not imagined a single one of them. They illustrate the parabolic talk of Orientals, and will show to the reader how useful it is to know such stories, and how to apply them at the fit moment in the course of an argument with Orientals.

I am writing these stories, or rather the three preceding ones, in a place which I venture to say is

known to perhaps only one Englishman out of a million, and yet it should be known to them, for it was founded by an Englishman some 1600 years ago. The place is called Kouri, a mineral watering-place about thirty miles from Constantinople, famous for its marvellous cures in many diseases, and notably in acute rheumatism. These waters were, as tradition goes, discovered by the Emperor Constantine of Constantinople, who was born at York, and who resorted here constantly with his wife Helena, who was also a British princess. Asia Minor abounds in mineral springs; but undoubtedly Kouri is the most wonderful of all, and I strongly recommend it to the attention of patients who, like myself, have derived no benefit from European cures, and are hopeless. I was in that case, but coming here by chance, I got cured; and my wife too, who suffered martyrdom from her liver, and thought her only salvation was in the waters of Carlsbad, to which she went for nine seasons, on taking the Kouri waters and baths, found they did her even more good than those of Carlsbad.

"THE FIRST TELEGRAPH.

"During the Crimean War, the first telegraph was established in Turkey. This wonderful invention created the greatest astonishment amongst the

Turks, and great and bitter were the discussions as to whether it was a good or a bad thing for humanity. To solve the question, it was at last decided to have a full debate by the Ulema of the Province of Smyrna, who were at the time presided over by a very wise old mollah. The meeting was held, and fierce was the contention. Half the Ulema, being Liberals, opined that the telegraph was a good thing, because it quickened communications; the other half, being Conservatives, asserted that it could not be good, seeing that it was an invention of the devil. There seemed to be no way of arriving at a conclusion, when it was perceived that their chief, the old mollah, had not yet expressed an opinion. Both parties, therefore, eagerly pressed him for his view on the subject, and agreed to abide by his decision. The old mollah replied, 'My children, the telegraph is a good thing.' 'What,' said the Conservatives, indignantly, 'do you mean that it is not a work of the devil's?' 'Oh yes,' replied the old man, 'assuredly it is a work of his; but why are you so dull of understanding, my children? Can't you see that if the devil is occupied going up and down the wires with each message sent, he will have less time to trouble us mortals on the earth below?' And all the Ulema acknowledged the wisdom of their chief."

Some of the stories told have a deep religious meaning, as, for instance, the following, called—

"MABOUT AND MAHMOUD.

"During the Sultan Mahmoud's reign there were two blind beggars who habitually sat begging in the main street on the way to the Sublime Porte. The cry of the one was 'Ya Mabout!' which means, 'O Allah!' or God. The cry of the other was 'Ya Mahmoud!' meaning the Sultan Mahmoud. Now, the Sultan often passed that way, and, noticing their respective cries, he one day resolved to try an experiment with them, and ordered two fowls to be roasted, the livers, etc., to be inserted into the body of the one, and ten pieces of gold into the other. On passing the beggars, the fowl containing the gold was given to the beggar who cried 'Ya Mahmoud!' and the other was given to the one who cried 'Ya Mabout!'

"Two days after the Sultan passed the same street, and found that only the beggar who appealed to him was there. He stopped, and asked what became of the other beggar, and found that after the two fowls were given they were put up to auction by the two beggars, and the 'Ya Mabout' man bought them in at one piastre (*2d.*) apiece, and had not appeared since. Upon which Sultan

Mahmoud exclaimed, 'Mahmoud proposes in vain, for it is Mabout who disposes.' In other words, 'L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose.'"

And now let me go on to some stories of the great Nasreldin Hoja, the great wit *par excellence* of the Turks. He was a real personage who lived in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in a town called Akshehir, in the heart of Asia Minor. Many are the stories told of him, all of which embody the humour of the confusion of ideas—the humour of nonsense, as some would call it. In fact, it is the humour which is conspicuous in the Irish race. Why the quick-witted Irish and the slow and sedate Turks should have the same kind of sense of the humorous is a profound mystery which I cannot understand. Possibly the Turkish kind is of a coarser, heavier, and more grotesque nature than the Irish, but they certainly are both of the same type. Thus an Irishman picks up a sovereign one day, which turns out to be a light one, only worth 17*s.* 6*d.*, and he refuses to pick up another the next day, because, forsooth, he lost 2*s.* 6*d.* by its sister the day before. Under the same confusion of ideas, Nasreldin Hoja, because through his donkey's straying he lost his pelisse which he had thrown on the pack-saddle, takes off this pack-saddle from the

animal's back to punish him, and, carrying it home on his own back, threatens never to replace it on the ass's back till the pelisse is found. In the same way, too, having quarrelled with the villagers, whose cowherd he had become, he threatens them with terrible vengeance. Upon which one of them asks him, "What will you do, O Hoja? Will you let our cows stray, and become the food of wolves?" "Worse than that," replies the Hoja. "Will you set fire to our village?" asks the villager again. "Much worse than that," he replies. "Well, what will you do? Tell us," says the villager. "I'll tell you," replies the Hoja; "I'll work for you for a whole year, and when the time comes for you to pay me my wages, I'll throw the money into your faces and go away." Another edition of "I'll cut off my nose to spite my face."

Certainly one would not say, to look at them, that the Turks were a humorous or comical race, and yet I don't hesitate to assert that there is no race on earth which has such a keen sense of humour as they have. And one can do more to get something out of them by appealing to their sense of the ludicrous than by a thousand appeals to their reason or logical sense. I verily believe that if our officials in Turkey before being qualified for their posts had to go through a severe course of Nasreldin

Hoja's stories, they could do more by a proper application of them to protect or promote British interests than they do now by their highest wisdom in the European sense of the word. I take the liberty of urging this suggestion of mine on our Foreign Office.

Undoubtedly there are two distinct processes through which Western officials fresh from Europe or America must pass, after they have entered the political arena in Turkey, before they can attain their proper level of efficiency. The first process is one which I may style that of depletion, which consists of a copious discharge of the Western ideas and prejudices, which particularly unfit them for coping with or mastering Orientals. And once this process of depletion, which is the most difficult, because it hurts the sense of self-esteem, eventuates in an open mind, the second and equally necessary process is one of repletion, or of assimilation, of the ideas and knowledge which can alone fit them for probing the inner Oriental mind and understanding the proper way of carrying on successful relations with it. I judge from my humble experience that each of these two processes takes at least four years to master. Unfortunately, the absurd system followed by some Governments does not allow of both these systems being

consistently gone through by their men. Scarcely has the unfortunate official with difficulty got the open mind, *i.e.* the consciousness of his own ignorance, before he is removed to another sphere, and thus we see a succession of men charged with important Western interests in Oriental countries, who all the time are in a stage of depletion and enfeeblement, and seldom in one of repletion and vigour. Such men cannot see the psychological moment for averting or dealing with severe crises, and the inevitable consequences are seen in events which bring a humiliation on Western civilization and serious prejudice to the very interests which it is the main object of their missions to protect and promote. And these remarks apply not alone to the officials who act personally in Oriental countries, but also to those who, from their posts in Western Foreign Offices, direct, or, as often happens, misdirect their subordinates in such countries. True it is that much of the trouble arises from the conflicting interests and consequent disunion of European States, but it is also evident to those who watch events that this disunion would not be intensified, as it often is, if there were not also gross ignorance of the Oriental mind and of the proper way of dealing with it.

The moral of it all for us Englishmen is, Reform

our Foreign Office system, for it is unmistakably an incoherent one, nor is it surprising if under such a system the policy followed is tentative, timorous, vacillating, and drifty. I have watched both the German and British official at work. Of the two, I consider the latter, man for man, far away the better; but whereas the German works for all he is worth to push his country's interests, especially her commercial interests, because he knows his future depends upon it, the British official does all he can to escape responsibility and avoid a reputation for giving trouble to his superiors, for such a reputation would damn his future. I do not hesitate to say that he realizes and laments over his position, and deplores his inability under such a system to do justice to British interests abroad. The natural consequence is that such interests suffer. I here register my humble opinion that a good deal of the German success in commerce arises from the confidence impressed upon the German subject that he has an energetic Government behind him which will back him at all costs.

And let it not be thought that it is only the high-class governing Turks who can be influenced by appeals to their sense of the ludicrous. The lower classes have exactly the same frame of mind. This was exemplified to me once in the course of a

shooting expedition into European Turkey, about two years after the Russo-Turkish War. We arrived, wet and miserable, on a winter's day, at a small village, and went to the sole coffee-house in it, which we found crowded with surly villagers, and in such a filthy state with vermin of all sorts that we could not possibly sleep in it. The point, therefore, was to get a room in some villager's cottage, but our appeals to the villagers met with deaf ears. Some of the fellows were Bulgarian Christians. I told them I was English, one of that great race which had befriended Bulgaria. Waxing eloquent, I appealed to them in the name of my friend Gladstone, their greatest benefactor. I heard an old man amongst them tell a companion, "What dirt is this fellow eating? Gladston! Ghladiston! What will you buy this nonsense at?" The happy thought then flashed across my mind of tickling them up with a story. I sent for our surugi, or horse-driver, and asked him whether the horses could take us to the next village. I knew they could not. "No," he replied, "they are absolutely done up." I then put on a most anxious and solemn look, and asked the villagers whether they had any tar in their village. Wondering at my solemnity and my question, they replied, "No; but what do you want tar for?" "To tar the horses and make them

go," I said. "What do you mean?" they asked. "What!" I said indignantly, "do you fear Allah so little that you don't know how Nasreldin Hoja made his donkey go?" And I related the story of—

"THE DONKEY AND THE TAR.

"Nasreldin Hoja one day was told by his wife that unless he got some wood, the wash-house fire couldn't be lit, and his linen would not be washed. The Hoja expressed his fears that his old donkey would not be able to carry much of a load. 'However,' says he, 'I'll go;' and he went to the mountain, cut some wood, and loaded it on the donkey. The animal could scarcely carry it, so he decided to return by a short cut over the river ford. Here it must be stated that the Hoja's town was in the heart of Asia Minor, and he had consequently never seen a boat before. Arriving at the ford, he sees two men busy boiling some black stuff in a pan and putting it on with a brush to what looked like a big box. The Hoja, wondering at this unusual sight, stops, and pointing to the box, asks, 'What is that?' The men reply, 'Oh, that is a boat which we shall use for fishing in the river.' 'Ah,' says the Hoja, 'I had heard of boats; but what are you putting that black stuff on it for?' 'It is tar,' said the men, 'and it makes the boat slip through the

water and go fast.' Upon which the Hoja evolves a happy thought, and anxiously asks, 'Do you think it would make my old donkey go fast too? for I am afraid we shan't get home to-night.' 'Go!' reply the men, who were wags; 'why, he'll go like an Arab racer.' 'Then put some on to him,' plaintively begged the Hoja, and they did so; and the poor donkey, feeling the boiling tar near his tail, jumped into the air, broke in his effort the cord that bound the wood to the pack-saddle, and flew up the hill. The Hoja, stroking his beard in surprise, exclaims, 'Allah, Allah! who could have believed this?' and turning to the men, says to them, 'For mercy's sake, put some on to me too, for if you don't I shall never catch my donkey.' And they tarred him too at the back; and he, too, feeling the exquisite pain, galloped up the hill behind his donkey. As they passed his cottage his wife at the door calls out to him, 'Oh, Hoja, where are you going so fast? The rice is ready, and I am so hungry.' The Hoja stops two seconds, and fixing his wife with an earnest gaze, he says to her, 'Wife, go and get tarred too, down below at the ford, for if you don't you'll never catch up your poor old husband;' and he went on leaping and galloping."

I say that by degrees the surly villagers, Mussulmans and Bulgarians, began to melt, and when I

finished the story, which acted upon them as if it had been champagne, they were so pleased that there was a fight as to who should give us hospitality at his house.

Nasreldin Hoja is the only specimen of a laughing saint that I know of. His tomb is still to be seen at Akshehir. Its chief ornament is an enormous key, in memory, it is said, of his having, in order to save his field from the inroads of cattle, erected an enormous gate with a huge padlock and key to it, but he forgot to put a wall round it. To this day the wild inhabitants of that province of Caramania in passing the tomb, stop, reverently stroke their beards, invoke blessings on the Hoja's soul, and then burst into roars of continued laughing. The scene presented is ludicrous to an extreme.

Many of Nasreldin Hoja's stories are still used to point a moral. Thus, in talking of some course, which if pushed too far, might lead to serious consequences, the expression, "Stop till the tail breaks, and you'll see what dust means," is used, and is the outcome of the following story :—

"The Hoja one day proposed to a companion to go out wolf-hunting. It was known that there was a litter of cubs in a certain cave, and that the she-wolf went out of the cave every morning to get

food. Arriving at the cave, they find the entrance is low and narrow, and the companion, being the thinner man, is persuaded to creep in on his stomach. He had scarcely got in a few feet when the she-wolf, smelling danger, rushed like lightning past the Hoja, and went into the cave. He has only time to catch hold of her tail, and pulls with all his might to prevent her attacking his friend. She, in her efforts to advance, stirs up a cloud of dust with her paws, upon which the Hoja's companion cries out to him from inside, 'Oh, Hoja, but there is a terrible lot of dust here!' and the Hoja replies, 'My friend, stop till the tail breaks, and then you'll know what dust means.'"

The Hoja one day was asked by three children to divide a bag of nuts amongst them. He asks them, "Do you want me to divide them in the ways of Allah or in the ways of men?" "The way of Allah," they say, thinking it the juster way. And the Hoja gives one handful to the first boy, two handfuls to the second, and the remainder of the bag, which was many handfuls, to the third. On the first two boys complaining, the Hoja says, "Why did you ask for the ways of Allah? Don't you know that he makes one man poor and the other rich?"

One day the Hoja, being invited to a grand

wedding, puts on his best fur pelisse and gets on his donkey to go. The day being wet, there was much mud, and the donkey's tail, whisking to and fro, bespatters the fur with mud, so that the Hoja could not for shame enter the guest-chamber. He gets into a rage with the donkey, and saying, "You shan't do it again," he out with his knife, cuts off the tail from the root, and thrusts it into the saddle-bag. He then proceeds to offer the animal by auction in the market-place. A customer presents himself, but seeing the donkey is tailless, he tells the Hoja, "You fool, who'll buy an ass without a tail?" The Hoja, bringing out the tail from the saddle-bag and dangling it before the customer, replies, "Who is the fool now? Who sells an ass without a tail? Is this his tail or not? Try it on, if you like."

A neighbour begged the Hoja for the loan of his rope on which the linen was hung to dry. He replies that he can't lend it, as he is hanging the flour on it to dry. "How can you hang flour on a rope?" asks the neighbour. The Hoja replies, "We always hang flour on our rope when we don't want to lend it."

One day the Hoja tells his wife, "To-morrow, if it is fine, I shall go to the vineyard and gather the grapes; but if it rains, I shall stop at home."

"Hoja, say Inshallah" (please God), the wife tells him. "Why should I say Inshallah?" he replies. "I don't say I shall do a fixed thing. There is an 'if' to the one, and 'if' to the other." "You will regret not saying it," says the wife. The next morning being fine, the Hoja starts for his vineyard. On his way the lord of the country meets him, and orders him, on pain of death, to go to the city and deliver a message at his palace. The Hoja, returning home late from the city, knocks at his door. His wife looks out from the window, and asks, "Who is there?" The Hoja, having digested the advice she gave him, replies, "Open, wife, for, please God, it is myself."

Nasreldin Hoja arranged to visit the chief city of his province, Konieh. As soon as his friends heard of his intention, they flocked to his house to give him commissions to execute for them, but none of them offered the money to buy the things with, excepting a little boy, who gave him a piastre to get a whistle.

On the Hoja's return home, these friends came streaming in to ask for the things they had ordered; but he only produced the boy's whistle, and on their remonstrating with him for his neglect he replied, "Only he who pays the money has the right to whistle" (*Parayi veren dudughi tchalar*), which has

become an aphorism amongst the Turks, and is synonymous with our English saying, "He who pays the piper calls the tune."

On the fellow-citizens of the Hoja consulting him as to the best man to elect for Governor of their town, he asked them the following question: "Out of what sphere of life would the dogs choose the man to lead them?" "That of a butcher," they replied, "for they would hope to get scraps of meat out of him." "Go you and do likewise with your Governor," said the Hoja.

The Hoja, sleeping one night on his terrace, hears a thief, as he thinks, in his yard. With bow and arrow in hand, he peeps over the wall, and sees the thief dressed in white, at whom he shoots his arrow, and then goes to bed again. In the morning he goes to find the dead man, but finds instead that he had mistaken his shirt, which was hanging up to dry, for a robber, and had pierced it with the arrow, upon which he immediately in his night-clothes runs up into the minaret, and vigorously intones the psalm of thanksgiving. The neighbours, disturbed at an early hour, and hearing an unusual chant, all flock out into the street in their night-clothes too, to see what it all means, and, seeing the Hoja, they pitch into him most unmercifully. "Men," he says to them, "wouldn't you

thank Allah for having saved your lives? If I had been in my shirt I was a dead man, for the arrow would have gone through my heart."

It was the Hoja's turn to serve as judge in his native town. A plaintiff appears with his ear gashed and bleeding, and accuses the defendant of biting it. The latter denies the charge, and says he saw the plaintiff bite it with his own mouth. "How can a man bite his own ear?" asks the plaintiff. The Hoja, uncertain as to the solution of this question, bids the suitors wait, and, going into the private room, makes desperate efforts to get hold of his ear with his teeth; but just as he thought that the lobe was approaching his mouth, he loses his balance in his desperate contortions, falls down, and breaks his head on a stone. Bleeding and breathless, he rushes back to the judgment-seat, and nonsuits the plaintiff, because "A man may not only bite his own ear, but he may break his own head whilst doing so."

The Hoja, having saved some money, puts it in a bag, and seeks a place where to hide it safely. He first buries it, and then saying to himself, "Somebody may dig it up," he digs it back again. At last he decides to tie the bag to the top of a thin long pole, "because no man," says he, "can climb to the top of it." A neighbour, seeing him do this,

gets a ladder in the night, takes the bag, and in its place ties a cow's tail. Next morning the Hoja goes to see if his money is safe, and finds the cow's tail instead of the bag, upon which he exclaims, "Vah, vah! (alas, alas!) I have no kismet (luck). Who could have believed that a cow could have climbed up to the top of the pole when a man couldn't?"

One night the Hoja, sleeping by the side of his wife, hears the noise of a great quarrel in the street. He pushes his wife, and tells her, "Light the lamp, for I want to learn what they are quarrelling about." "Why do you bother about other people?" says she; but, like a good wife, she lights the lamp, and the Hoja, covering himself with the only blanket they had on their bed, and holding the lamp, goes out into the street. The moment the men, who were thieves, see the Hoja, they whisk the blanket off his back, and disappear. The Hoja returns to his wife, who asks him, "Well, what were they quarrelling about?" "Oh, about nothing at all," replies the Hoja, "only about our blanket; the moment they got it they stopped quarrelling."

In the days of his old age the Hoja was in great poverty. He had no mattress to sleep on, and he and his ugly old wife slept on the bare earth. They could not afford lights, and had to go to sleep

at dusk. Their next-door neighbour, who was a wealthy man, died, and his pretty young widow was lamenting over the dead body, saying, "Oh, my lamb, my darling, what world are you going to now? Alas, alas! instead of lying on a silken mattress, you will lie on the bare earth; instead of a nice young wife to warm you, you will be out in the cold; instead of a hundred candles to light you, you will be in the darkness of the grave! Ah, vah! my darling husband!" The Hoja was awake, and hearing all this lamentation, he wakes his wife and says, "Wife, go and shut the door." "Why must I shut the door?" she asks. The Hoja replies, "Because if you don't the people next door will look in, and, thinking this is the next world, they'll bring in their dead body." The Hoja's poverty was so great that there literally was nothing to be found in his hut but the rags he and his wife wore. The couple were lying on the floor one night when the wife heard a thief trying to creep in. She pushed her husband and said, "Hoja, wake; there is a thief coming in." "Hush, hush!" whispers the Hoja. "Let him come; it may please Allah to grant him something to steal, and then I'll get up and steal it back again."

Tamerlane the Tartar, in whose court the Hoja lived for some time, one day gave him two beautiful

apples and a letter to take to his beloved princess. On the way he smelled the apples repeatedly, and finally, unable to resist the temptation, he eats one up. He presented the remaining apple and the letter to the princess, the letter informing her that two apples were sent, and in flowery language comparing their fragrancy and bloom to her own. She read the letter, and seeing only one apple, said, "Well, Hoja, and where is the other one?" To which he replied, pointing to the apple, "That's the other one."

It takes a surgical operation to see this joke, and yet there are people who see it at once, and enjoy it too.

The Hoja was a good one at bargaining. One night he dreamed that the Archangel offered him nine pieces of gold. "No," said the Hoja, holding out his hand; "give me the full ten, and we'll strike the bargain." The Archangel would only give the nine, and a regular Jewish quarrel over it was going on between the two, when there was a noise in the street, and the Hoja woke. His first thought was about the gold. He looked into his hand, and saw none, upon which he shut his eyes again, stretched out his palm, and said, "Archangel, I'll take the nine pieces now."

There is a sequel to this story which shows that

the Hoja, like the people whom he represents, was not such a fool as he looked. Whilst the bargain was going on with the Archangel, the Hoja was talking in his sleep loudly, and his next-door neighbour, a Jewish saraf, or banker, who had his bed on the terrace alongside, heard and understood the whole thing. For a joke he threw a bag containing nine gold pieces into the bed of the Hoja, who found it in the morning, and rejoiced over it. Presently the Jew came to claim the money, saying it was all a joke. "No," says the Hoja; "it was the Archangel who gave me the money, and I shall keep it." The Jew, alarmed at his prospective loss, summons the Hoja before the Cadi, or judge; but it was not an easy thing to force a true believer and a Hoja to appear on the summons of a Jew, and the Hoja would not go. The Jew, appealing to his sense of honour, begged him to appear. At last the Hoja said, "Well, for your sake, as you have been a good neighbour, I'll go; but you must lend me your mule, as it is too muddy to go on foot." And the Jew lent him his fine mule. When the Hoja was on the mule he still refused to go, as it was too cold. The poor Jew then took off his valuable fur, and covered the Hoja. On their appearance before the judge, the Jew gave his version of the case, and claimed the nine pieces of

gold. "What have you to say, O Hoja?" asks the judge. "My lord," he replies, "this Jew is mad, and you shouldn't listen to him. He claims everything he sees. The next thing he'll say is his is the mule I rode on." "Of course it is mine," says the Jew. "I lent it to you." The Hoja, winking at the judge, says, "Didn't I tell you so, my lord, the Fountain of Justice? The next thing he'll claim will be my fur pelisse." "Of course I claim it," says the Jew. "I lent you that too." "Didn't I say so?" says the Hoja, and the judge, convinced, nonsuits the Jew, and the Hoja gets the gold, the mule, and the fur.

The Hoja had a very fine goose, and as he was then in the service of the great Tamerlane, he decided to cook it delicately and take it as a present to his master. Whilst he was taking it, the smell was so nice, and he was so hungry, that he picked a few bits out, and finally eat the whole of one leg. He turned the goose on one side so as to hide the missing leg, saying, "Tamerlane will never perceive it," and presented the dish to him. Tamerlane was a tremendous eater, and he finished the goose, and turned it over to get at the other leg, which he found missing, upon which he apostrophized the Hoja furiously thus: "O Hoja, do you think you can laugh at Tamerlane's beard? Show me the other

leg, or I'll have you bastinadoed." "Effendim," replied the Hoja, "there is no other leg; in my country the geese have only one leg." "Show them to me," says Tamerlane. And the Hoja took him to a farmyard, and showed him geese that were roosting for the night with one leg only, as usual, on the ground. Tamerlane called out 'psit,' and the geese all dropped their second legs also to the earth. Pointing to them, "What have you to say now, oh, bear, son of a bear?" asks Tamerlane. "My lord," he replies, "why didn't you say 'psit' to my goose before you eat it?"

The Hoja, having heard a deal of the profits traders were making, decided to become a merchant in walking-sticks, and bought a lot for ten aspers apiece, which, after varnishing at his own expense, he resold at the same price of ten aspers. His friends asked him what profit he made on such a transaction. "Oh, asses, sons of asses," he replies, "can't you see that I gain the varnish?"

The more one reads and ponders over this wonderful story, the more one realizes the greatness of the man Nasreldin Hoja, who, living in the mists of the fourteenth century, had the sublime prescience to become the antitype of the great British nation of the twentieth century, for do not we too, in our commercial treatment of our colonies

and of foreign nations, following blindly in the Hoja's steps, rest content with the varnish on the walking-sticks?

The Hoja goes to a mollah to make his will. His first instruction is that he must be buried in a second-hand grave. "Why do you make such a provision?" asks the mollah. "Because if I am in a second-hand grave," the Hoja replies, "when the sin-recording Archangel passes by and asks for my record, I shall be able to reply, 'Pass on, pass on, Archangel; you've made a mistake this time. You have had the record. Can't you see that this grave has been used before?'"

When Tamerlane conquered Akshehir, a proclamation was issued that all the inhabitants should bring him tribute. He sat on his throne, and each person deposited the tribute at the foot of it. The Hoja had been summoned too; and finding, after serious consultation with his wife, that they had no silver or gold to bring, they decided to put twelve young cucumbers into a pretty basket, and present them as tribute. On the way the Hoja, being hot and hungry, eat five of the cucumbers, so there were only seven left. He presented these at the foot of the throne, and Tamerlane, seeing cucumbers instead of precious things, gets into a violent rage, and orders the Hoja to have a stroke of the

bastinado for each of the cucumbers presented. He is thrown down at once on his stomach, and the bastinadoing begins. Notwithstanding the exquisite pain, he raises his head, strokes his beard, and loudly thanks Allah. Tamerlane, wondering, asks him, "What are you thanking Allah for?" "My lord," replies the Hoja, "I was thanking Allah that I eat five of the cucumbers on the way, and so saved five strokes." This reply so tickled Tamerlane, that he took him into favour, and made him his imam, or priest.

The Hoja, having finished his evening prayer at the mosque during the fast of Ramazan, finds himself in the company of several mollahs, whom he invites to iftar, or the evening meal, which Mussulmans break their fast with. He at once goes down to his house, which was just below the mosque, and tells his wife what he has done. She informs him that she has only boiled haricot beans for two, and there is no other food in the house. "You must get some more food," says he. "I can't," says she; and meanwhile the mollahs were seen approaching the house. The Hoja orders his wife to tell them he is not at home, which she does. The mollahs, hungry and furious, begin swearing at the wife, saying the Hoja must be at home, for they had just seen him go in. The altercation goes on. Bad

language is used, and the Hoja, getting impatient, pokes his head out of the window and tells them, "Yes, I did come in; but, asses, sons of asses, can't you understand that I went out again by the back door?"

The Hoja was cutting down the thick and high branch of a big tree, but he was standing on the wrong side of the branch. A man passing by tells him, "You fool, don't you see that you'll fall with the branch when it is cut through, and may hurt yourself?" "Are you going to teach me wood-cutting?" replies the Hoja. "Go in peace!" and the man went. Presently, the branch is cut through and falls from its height, carrying with it the Hoja, who is much shaken, but his first thought on rising is "Praise be to Allah! I have seen one of his true prophets at last;" and he runs after the man, seizes hold of him, and won't let him go until he prophesies to him when he (the Hoja) will die. The man, to get rid of him, says, "O Hoja! you'll now go back to the branch, cut it in pieces, and load your donkey." "Mashallah!" says the Hoja, "there is another true prophecy, for that is exactly what I intend doing." The man went on: "As you go up the hill with your loaded donkey, you must keep your nose close to his tail, and watch it. If it whisks once, that's nothing; if twice, your case is

serious; but if three times, the hour of your death has sounded, and not even an archangel can save you." The Hoja, having loaded the donkey, applies his nose most anxiously to the tail. The flies being numerous, it does not take long for the donkey to whisk it thrice, and the Hoja, fully persuaded his hour is come, falls flat on the earth, and is so absolutely convinced he is dead that he looks like a dead man—so much so, indeed, that four fellow-townsmen passing by say, "We can't leave our poor old Hoja to be devoured by hyenas," and they put the body on a stretcher to carry it to his house. They come to the cross-roads, and the day being hot and the body heavy, they say, "Let us go by the shortest cut." One man says, "This is the shortest way," another says, "No, that is the shortest;" and they set to quarrelling, and throw the stretcher violently on the ground. The Hoja, getting impatient at last, just lifts his head for a moment and tells them, "Friends, when I was alive I always went home by that road."

One day the Hoja shot a hare. His neighbours hearing of it, decided to play a joke on him, and four of them appeared at his house just before the dinner-hour, and told him they had come to dine on the hare. "Welcome, welcome!" said he; and they dined off the hare, which was so big that the shoulders were left over. The men agreed to carry

the joke still further, and they sent four friends of theirs to dine with him the next day. He welcomed them too, and then asked them who they were. "Oh," they reply, "we are the friends of the friends who dined on the hare." The Hoja set before them a stew of the remains of the hare, on which they dined *tant bien que mal.* It was decided to carry the joke further still, and four other men were sent to dine with the Hoja on the third day. "Welcome, welcome!" he tells them. "But who are you?" "Oh," they say, "we are the friends of the friends of the friends who dined on the hare." The Hoja set before them a cauldron of boiling water with a few small bones in it, which the men, thinking it was soup, plunged their capacious wooden spoons into. They sputtered out the boiling water, and exclaimed to the Hoja, "O Hoja, have you so little fear of Allah, that you treat guests to boiling water?" The Hoja replied, "Aren't you the friends of the friends of the friends who dined off the hare? Well, this is the broth of the broth of the broth of the very same hare."

Nasreldin Hoja's mother-in-law died a week after his marriage. Her daughter, his wife, was mourning bitterly over her loss, and her husband went to console her. The more she cried, the more did he cry, until his grief became so demonstrative

that she forgot her own, and set to work consoling him. "Why do you grieve so bitterly, my lamb?" she asked him. "What good did my dear mother ever do to you?" "Good?" he replied. "And what greater good could she have done me than by dying so soon after our marriage?"

One day the Hoja's wife, to play a practical joke on him, served the soup boiling hot. She forgot it was so hot, and swallowed a spoonful of it, which burned her so that tears flowed into her eyes. The Hoja asks, "Why are you crying, O wife? Was the soup too hot?" "Oh no," she replied. "My dear mother loved this soup, and I thought of her when I tasted it." The Hoja, emboldened by this statement, also swallows a big spoonful, and burning himself, the tears flowed from his eyes too. "Why are you crying, O husband?" asks his wife. "Was the soup too hot?" "Oh no," he replies, "it wasn't that at all. I was only crying over my ill-fate in having had a mother-in-law who gave birth to one like yourself."

The Hoja was invited to a hawking party by Tamerlane. He was so struck by the economy of the sport, that he resolved to go in for it himself; but as he had no hawks, he took two young magpies out of a nest in his garden and brought them up by hand till he tamed them. As soon as they were

old enough, he invited some friends to hawk with him, and when some partridges rose on the mountain, he flung one of the magpies at them. It neglected the partridges, but flew at once to a buffalo that was grazing, and settling on its back, as magpies do, began picking its ticks. The Hoja triumphantly exclaimed, "Look what a huge wild beast my bird has caught!" and he tied the buffalo, and took it home. The next day its owner turned up and claimed the animal. "No," said the Hoja, "it is mine, for my bird caught it on the wild mountains." A dispute arose, and the owner summoned him before the court. The Hoja filled a barrel with mud, leaving room on the top for a layer of butter, which he added, and then took it to the judge's house, explaining to him that the buffalo case would come on before him the next day. The judge, seeing, as he thought, a whole barrel of butter, promised to do his best for the Hoja, who told him on leaving, "The butter is of the best quality, but don't stir it up too much." The day following the case was judged, and given in favour of the Hoja. That evening the judge's wife went to take some butter out of the barrel, and digging the spoon in too deep, brought up dirty mud. She ran and told her husband, who, in a towering rage, went to the Hoja and accused him of attempting

to defile him by making him eat dirt. "Eat dirt?" replied the Hoja. "You eat dirt enough by giving me another man's buffalo. What matters it if you eat a little more out of my barrel? Besides, didn't I tell you not to stir it up?"

These stories, if carefully read and inwardly digested, will, I think, give a better insight into Turkish life than is generally acquired by those who do not make a very special study of it. How far they will tickle the sense of humour of the English reader, I repeat, I am puzzled to conceive. I doubt whether he will be tickled at all, unless he have a keen sense of the humour of the nonsensical and the ridiculous. And yet, in my humble opinion at least, it must be admitted that, with all the nonsense which many of these stories exhibit, there is at the same time in Nasreldin Hoja a certain amount of sequence, of ready repartee, and sharpness which almost redeems the nonsense. I put it forward as a combination which is unique, because only found in him.

It is certainly a great disadvantage to have to relate these stories in a foreign language. Related in comical Turkish, with proper emphasis and gesture, I venture to say that few would not be amused by them. Given as they are, inadequately by an inexperienced writer like myself, I am afraid

that many of them will be regarded as intensely inane and absurd. If so, the next story, with which I shall conclude the series, should not be read at all, for it is the most outrageous of the lot. I decline all responsibility if any reader is driven crazy by it.

The people of Akshehir, the Hoja's city, looked upon their city as the centre of light and leading, and upon themselves as unrivalled in intellectuality and sharpness. The neighbouring cities acknowledged their pre-eminence, and the necessary consequence was that the Akshehirlis were inflated with an overweening sense of their own importance and dignity. It was the custom of the city during the fast of Ramazan that the mollahs and hojas should take it by turns to preach on four successive mornings in the mosques. Nasreldin Hoja's turn came, and it sent him into a fever of anxiety, for he had never preached before, and didn't know how to. He sat up all night with his old wife discussing what he was to say, but the discussion came to nothing. In the morning the mollahs of the great mosque arrived at his house, and in procession took him, like a lamb being led to the slaughter, to the mosque, and solemnly installed him in the pulpit. The congregation, anxious to hear their famous wag preach for the first time, filled the mosque to

overflowing. When the Hoja saw the thousands of upturned eyes his heart waxed fainter still, but he brought out a long-drawn "M-y b-r-e-t-h-ren," praying silently to Allah for an inspiration. But the inspiration came not, and the Hoja again began with another long, "My brethren." The people, getting impatient, gave utterance to an "Ouf! ouf!" which Orientals use to express impatience. This roused the Hoja, and he turned round on the people and said, "One would think you were in my place, and knew how to preach, and what to preach about." "No, we don't," replied the people. And the Hoja, regaining his mother-wit, in his turn replied, "Then all I can say is, you know quite as much as I do, and it is therefore useless for me to continue," and giving them the parting blessing, he disappears, greatly relieved.

The congregation, astonished at this unceremonious treatment, and attributing it to the mischief-loving waggishness of the Hoja, discussed what they were to do the next day, when he would ascend the pulpit again. One of the cleverest citizens reproached the others for replying with a No when the Hoja interrogated them, "for," said he, "you all know he is a wag. The natural reply was a No, and he had an answer ready prepared beforehand. To-morrow, instead of a No, let us say Yes. He

won't be prepared with a reply, and he will then be forced to deliver his sermon;" and they all agreed to this. The next morning the envious dwellers in the neighbouring towns, hearing of the Hoja's doings, and only too anxious to rebuke the Akshehirlis' pride, asked every one they met, "And how did you like Nasreldin Hoja's sermon?"

The day after the Hoja was again installed in the pulpit, not having the remotest idea of what he was to say. He went through the same farce, but instead of a No he got a Yes this time to the question, "Do you know what I am going to preach about?" to which he replied at once, "And what is the use of my trying to teach what you admit you know already?" and giving the blessing, he again departed.

All this drove the Akshehirlis into a state of mortified vanity bordering on frenzy, and a great meeting was held to decide what was to be done. The greatest of the Ullema was elected chairman, and he addressed the crowded meeting thus:—

"Citizens of Akshehir, for centuries we have been the leaders in all this country, and well have we deserved to be. Shall we now fall from our high estate, and become the laughing-stock of the world, because an old Hoja laughs at our beards, and won't preach to us?" And the meeting, greatly impressed,

shouted "Never, never!" "My friends," the speaker continued, "you did wrong to make the issue the plain one of a simple Yes. To-morrow let us complicate matters. Let us make the issue an intricate one, by replying both Yes and No. This will confuse the old Hoja; he won't have a reply ready, and will thus be forced to deliver his sermon, and to make obeisance before us." And it was unanimously resolved that the congregation to the right should call out Yes, and that to the left should call out No to the question, "Do you know what I shall preach to you about?" And so they did, to which the Hoja replied, "Then let those who know tell those who don't know." He thus escaped preaching three times, and the Akshehirlis' pride was lowered to the dust.

On the fourth day the whole city, feeling that it was going through a tremendous crisis, on which its future position depended, congregated in and around the mosque, determined to reply to no question, but to keep the strictest silence. The Hoja, however, had come prepared this time with a sermon, which he and his old wife had composed at last, after three whole nights' cogitation, and he addressed them thus:—

"My brethren, doubtless all of you have realized the duty of thanking Allah for all his mercies

towards you, for the bread you eat, the water you drink, and countless other gifts; but, ah, my friends, have you, oh, have you ever thanked him for the greatest mercy of all, and that is that when he created storks he didn't make them as big as camels? for had he done so, the nests they build on your roofs would have been too heavy for them, your houses would have come down on your heads, and there would have been an end to you all."

The Akshehirlis date the decadence of their city from the time these sermons were preached.

Since writing what precedes I have been fortunate enough to read a remarkable book, called "Turkey in Europe," by Odysseus, in which are given one or two stories and a few remarks which are counterparts of some given by me. It would not surprise me to learn that I was the original source from whom these were got. If I reproduce them, it is because it is too late for me to change the order of my work, and because I confide in the forbearance of Odysseus and his publishers. Let me hope that they will bear publication a second time. At any rate, in my book they will be read by few, whereas in such a book as that of Odysseus' they will have many readers, for if ever a book was published on the Near East which deserves to be read, it is "Turkey in Europe." I know many people

will say, "What do we English care about the Near East? We have washed our hands clean of that question." My friends, this is a great mistake. You may fondly imagine the question cannot affect you; but stop till the tail breaks, and then you'll know what dust means, and the dust which will then be kicked up will, I venture to prophesy, cover not the vast Turkish Empire alone, but many a region also in which we have more vital interests even than in Turkey.

I only hope that our great men will be awake to all the possibilities of the question, and will not show themselves the short-sighted waiters on Providence which they have been for years past in Oriental matters.

THE END.

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